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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Bonfils, Tammen, and their Merry Men

TIMBER LINE. By Gene Fowler. New York: Covici-Friede. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THIS is an adventure story of the journalism that battens on the "dark, unfathomed caverns" of the moron mind. The startling and terrible thing about this story is that it is true. The synopsis of the story is this:

A generation ago, at the close of the old century, Harry Tammen, a bar-keeper in Denver, met Fred Bonfils of Kansas City, who had been running a "policy shop" or local lottery. He did not use the mails. A "policy shop" was a gambling device designed to mulct the poor. Bonfils had made some money, perhaps a million dollars, perhaps less, out of his gambling device; Tammen, living in Denver, had some experience with the underworld and a rough, working knowledge of the Colorado plutocracy. The two formed a partnership, bought a dying newspaper in Denver called *The Evening Post,* and started out to amass fame and fortune. Their valuable idea was that they could break down the sales resistance of advertisers by high pressure methods which gave them perhaps an unmerited reputation as blackmailers, a reputation which they themselves cherished rather than deserved. It added to their power in selling advertising. They accumulated subscribers to their newspaper by applying the showman's methods. The broad ethical principle upon which they worked was that a sucker is born every minute. With big headlines they exploited sensational news. They appealed directly to the moron mind, being vendors of local stories of sex and violence. Because Denver and Colorado were filled and still are filled with men who have got rich quick, who have the vast power that comes with riches with no great sense of social responsibility, and with a seven devils lust for cheap notoriety, the *Denver Post,* tapping obvious sources of quick and easy money, became a financial success. Later it became a political power in the wide

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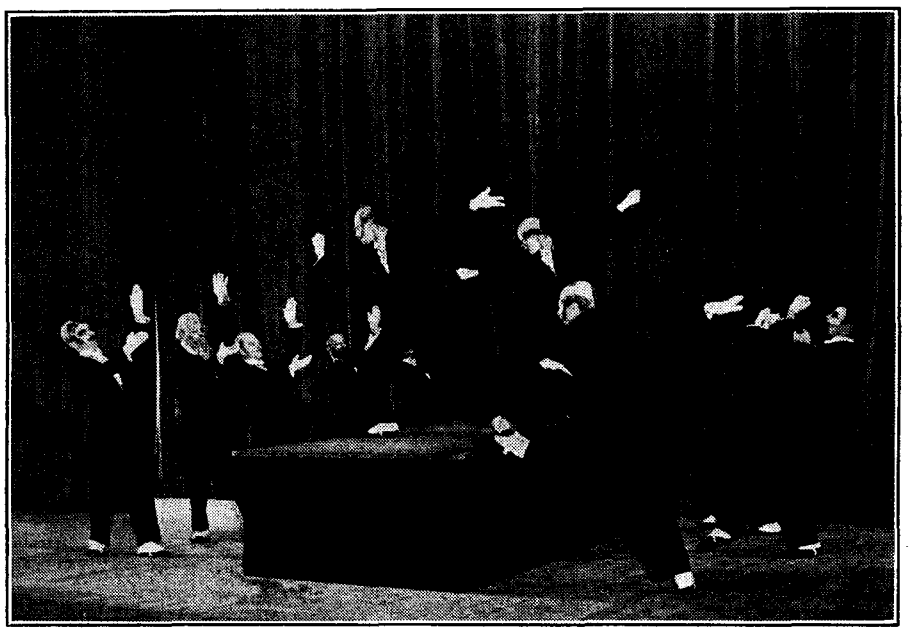
The Lens

By GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

NEVER completely whole,
Oh, never clearly
Do I discern these passing by.
Even the soul
Of him most dearly
Close to me
Remains a stranger. For I cannot see
The world around me save
Through this intrinsic I,
A strange, translucent thing,
Convex, concave,
Fused in my suffering,
Marred by fine flaws
That blur the colors, flex the sight
And let me never quite
See clear, see true,
Perceive the intimate cause.

And there is nothing I can do.
For I must gaze
"Through a glass darkly" all my days.
Never shall I behold the clean
Exquisite outline of the truth until
Nothing is left between
And I can look my fill,
When the last word is spoken
And the lens—the lens lies broken.



"THE GREEN TABLE" OF INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY

Final scene of a Geneva Conference, satirically presented by The Jooss Ballet in "The Green Table." The ballet opens in New York October 31, after successful seasons in London and Paris.

Making of a Demagogue*

BY MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

ADOLF HITLER'S impresarios would seem to have done him a disservice on the whole in pruning down his eight-hundred-page "autobiography" to the skeleton form in which it is now offered to an American audience. In its original dimensions this work had the abandon, the histrionic frenzy of one of Dostoievsky's garrulous sinners; it had, despite its turgid and atrocious German, literary qualities which were unconscious and all its own. These have been lost, and also such logical organization as existed in the original, which was never much. At the same time it has plainly been impossible to "tone down" the book, to amend all the things which would presumably be incomprehensible, alarming, or offensive to Americans. To do this it would have been necessary to amend all.

One's first impression of Hitler's memoirs—approximately nine-tenths propaganda—is apt to be of marked disappointment and incredulity. The author tells us little enough about himself; his tracts on Pan-Germanism are neither new nor apt to be favorably seen on this side of the Atlantic; his anti-Semitism, too, seems scarcely up-to-date, since he and his cohorts seem to have taken the upper hand over the Israelites so decisively that there is no more sporting excitement in the affair. Is this all, one asks? Is this the Word of the great captain of the Nazis, the bible of the party which has effected the most important political upheaval in Europe since 1919? One reads here scraps of world history intermingled with fairy tales, invocations to humanitarianism and to sadism, pæans to chivalry and to bullying, shots of international politics, modern publicity, and medieval superstition. Here shrewd, worldly observations are mingled with colossal nonsense, daring notions with beetling-browed ignorance and incitements to riot. When was there ever such a wonderful crazy-quilt of ideas gotten up by the "actual head of a great European State?" The writings and memoirs of a Churchill, a Clemenceau, a Lenin, and a Trotsky make Hitler's resemble nothing so much as the drivellings of an intoxicated schoolboy.

I have no wish to speak with impropriety; the new political dotage may gain over us here too. But before we become unhinged by the present state of the world and lose once for all our sense of proportion, let me record that in the period between 1919 and 1933, a modern dictator rose to triumph by choosing the mental age of ten or twelve as his frame of reference, the age at which "bogeys" and devils can be conjured up to terrify and enrage. Other German leaders thought that Hitler had pitched his key too low; but he has shown by his great lesson in politics that they were wrong.

The dogmas, the arguments in Hitler's book do not teach us anything about the social question or even the Nazi revolution—whose historic causes and implications have been widely discussed. They do tempt us to reflect specifically upon the nature and mechanism of a Fascist demagogue. By his confession of faith, world history to this successful demagogue is the affair of a few brilliant autocrats, Cæsar, Frederick the Great, and Bismarck. Behind the great autocrat is the great race from which he stems, and which he leads to glory: the Germans, for instance, "*the highest culture-race.*" "But all the wisdom of this earth is as nothing unless served, covered, and protected by force." Hence Germany was at its apex under Bismarck and the rule of the Prussian army. The finest education for a man is German army life, and "the greatest and most unforgettable period" of Hitler's life was that of the World War. As compared with the "pure" Germans, the French are a race chiefly given to "bastardizing" the colored races which are under their dominion. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk forced upon the Russians by the victorious German army was a work of Christian mercy, "truly immense and humane," and in no way justified the harsh terms of Versailles. What caused the Germans finally to lose the war was not Allied and American power, or naval blockade and hunger, but the conspiracy of Jewish Marxists. Democracy and all representa-

(*Continued on following page*)

* *MY BATTLE. By Adolf Hitler. Abridged and translated by E. T. S. Dugdale. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1933. $3.

The Collapse of Internationalism

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY. By G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

THIS is an ambitious title, but the book justifies it. For these English authors have produced the best existing handbook of contemporary Europe. One so good that it caused this reader to overlook an inveterate prejudice against handbooks. Just now we are undergoing an epidemic of Baedeker for the inner life. Mr. Wells with his trilogy, Mr. Shaw with his clues leading the "intelligent woman" to an understanding of socialism and the "black girl" straight to God, Mr. Cole himself with his charts through contemporary economic chaos and the mysteries of money—all have taken a shot at supplying a world presumably gasping for information with appropriate manna. It is probably a mistake to believe that what this age needs is more information; more wisdom and more honesty would perhaps be closer to the point. None the less this latest invitation to the "intelligent man" to read through over six hundred pages of closely packed information and discussion without any anecdotes, witticisms, or lollypops for additional enticement is worthy of acceptance. This book deserves readers and many of them.

The Coles' encyclopædia of information concerning contemporary Europe in the bewildering present consists of six parts, with a brief foreword (why not preface?) The first consisting of two chapters describes the Balkanized Europe that emerged from the war—none the less, "the area where slowly the new ideas of peaceful and constructive internationalism are taking root"—emphasizing the fact that numerically speaking the Europeans are still primarily engaged in agriculture rather than in industry and trade. Furthermore Europe, judged by an American or even an English standard of wealth, is poor. As a result of economic depression

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This Week

SLANTING LINES OF STEEL
By E. ALEXANDER POWELL
Reviewed by John Palmer Gavit

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION
By AGNES ROGERS and FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

WINNER TAKE NOTHING
By ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

AH, WILDERNESS!
By EUGENE O'NEILL
Reviewed by John Corbin

RADETZKY MARCH
By JOSEPH ROTH
Reviewed by Fred J. Ringel

BORIS GODUNOF
By STEPHEN GRAHAM
Reviewed by Grand Duchess Marie

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
By VINCENT STARRETT
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

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Making of a Demagogue

(*Continued from first page*)

tive forms of government are the inventions of international Jewish conspirators. Jews are possessed of superhuman cunning, and are devils who have long been plotting "the breakdown of human culture and the devastation of the world." To those who believe in socialism, lying is a daily necessity. If your enemies don't agree with you, or oppose you in print, wipe out their publications with a thirty centimeter grenade. Karl Marx was really working in the interests of international capitalism and stock exchanges. Trade-unionists who strike are also working for international capitalism. Further:

> On the one hand he (the Jew) is making use of his capitalist methods for exploiting humanity to the very full, and on the other he is getting ready to sacrifice his sway and very soon will come out as their leader in the fight against himself. "Against himself" is of course only a figurative expression, for the great master of lies knows very well how to emerge with apparently clean hands and burden others with the blame.
>
> We now see that Marxism is the enunciated form of the Jewish attempt to abolish the importance of personality in all departments of human life and to set the mass of numbers in its place. In politics the parliamentary form of government is its expression. . . .

In other words, the Jew is both exploiting and protecting humanity, and the Jew, to whom Hitler accords so much exceptional personal power, seeks to abolish the "importance of personality" and by having a majority rule relegate himself to a helpless minority!

Can such reasoning be answered? Hitler represents a revolt against reason. He himself urges an "intolerant fanaticism" as the answer to opposition. Does Adolf Hitler believe all this weird farrago? One would think not, judging by his success-

[illegible]vell as resourcefulness. No, all this [illegible]avagance is purely propaganda after [illegible]er's fashion, the only propaganda he knows. For aside from his political strategy, he has won his chief fame as a platform demagogue, and is reputed to be one of the greatest natural orators of his kind. The unfortunate thing is that his genius is largely limited to the field of extemporaneous speech, before vast throngs, under torchlight and in the atmosphere of a revival camp; the hypnosis of those hours he cannot translate to the measured terms of the printed page. Where in a meeting he might shout down an opponent with an effect of thunderous magnificence, his "autobiography" expends itself in infantile abuse, in profanity, and in baseless calumny.

Those who doubt Hitler's cleverness, his capacity to be rational in the most worldly manner should note the passage where he explains his notion of propaganda:

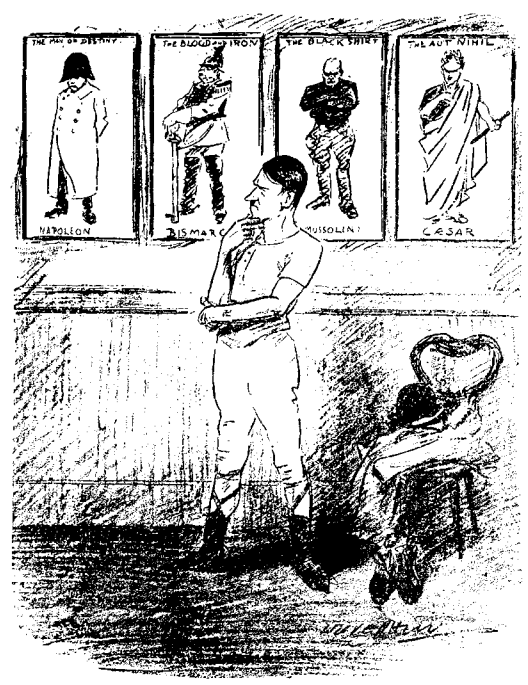
> All propaganda . . . should adapt its intellectual level to the receptive ability of the least intellectual of those whom it is desired to address. Thus it must sink its mental elevation deeper in proportion to the numbers of the mass whom it has to grip. If . . . the object is to gather a whole nation within its circle of influence, there cannot be enough attention paid to avoidance of too high a level of intellectuality.

With this clue, we may understand better the expediency of his rantings, of his self-contradictions, of his diversified appeal to crowd passions, including those of blood-thirstiness or sadism. But for himself he holds other views, other beliefs in which he has been superbly consistent, however shifting his day-to-day tactics may have been.

We are familiar with the aspirations of Nazi as well as non-Nazi patriots to restore Germany's national self-respect, to render her self-sufficient and arm her against surrounding enemies, while unifying her people after years of internal dissension or class struggle. In these views, the officer caste, the Junkers, the Hugenberg industrialists as well as the Centrists of Bruning saw eye to eye with Hitler. But Hitler, from the very beginning, over a decade ago, as one of his German biographers relates, had more to offer than all the other parties.

> What have you to give to the people in the way of Faith? he says to the other parties of the Right in 1923. "Nothing. For you no longer believe in your own formulas. That is the all powerful thing that our movement should create: for these vast, questing and bewildered masses a new, firm Faith, so that they may find at least one place that gives their hearts repose. And that we will bring about!"

This ruling idea of Hitler's—to conjure up faith in Race, or arms, or Wotan, or anything that might serve—drew the attention of the officer caste, the old-fashioned bureaucrats, police officials, and royalists who sheltered and nourished him in his early Munich days. Perhaps he seemed mad to them; but certainly "this unknown soldier who never died" seemed abler than all the Ludendorffs, Kapps, and even Hohenzollerns to rally the masses around himself by his evangelistic, and, indeed, "convulsionary" tactics.



This man exudes hate and passion, fascinates the crowd like the priest of some sinister cult. Look at him, speak to him in person, and he seems mediocre; but bring together a mob of ten thousand or a hundred thousand and he seems to magnify himself in proportion to the multitude he he jumps up and down, his gestures grow more and more extraordinary. A German observer of his great days of agitation relates:

> The man on the platform no longer debates, but gives battle. The crowd does not see the enemy; this fighter has the enemy, the devil in himself. He fights against the disintegration of the nation, against the inertia of the people, the guilt of present and past rulers—against the very Marxist in himself, the bad student, the blunderer of 1922, 1923, and 1930, and 1932. He fights his own fear, his own devil, like an old anchorite—it is no longer agitation . . . but exorcism, revival. He can say whatever he wishes. . . . The walls shake. . . . The State trembles.

But Hitler, as his own autobiography reveals, was always one of those evangelists and dervishes, who immediately upon returning from trance or transport, inquired after the effect of the show upon the customers, the receipts in the box office. A born demagogue on the one side, on the other he was a shrewd hunter of political fortune, keeping his accounts, drawing money from all sides, utilizing his followers and lieutenants to the full as well as the chances presented by the times or by the mistakes of enemies. He himself was capable of growing and learning from misfortune. Around him the legend of an *instinktmensch* was created, yet his impromptu appearances have often been fiascos. He is more likely, as it is claimed in certain quarters, a neurasthenic who in sleepless nights prepares his scenes. Thus he atoned for grievous blunders again and again. The march of the Brown Fascists of Germany has been a long one, so long that many experienced observers held that they had missed their hour of destiny by 1932. Hitler's successful bid for power in 1933 was the last of six desperate strokes during the course of eleven years.

Invested with power, Hitler will tend more and more to be a pure politician whose measures, under the surface at least, will appear to be dictated by the logic of events rather than by his nightmares. Yet the accidents of his personal orientation, as they have left their stamp upon his counter-revolutionary movement, are of the utmost significance for the Third Reich.

There are two signal facts about his early life which may be drawn from his own account. Adolf Hitler was born in 1889, a South German, in a small village of Upper Austria, at the Bavarian frontier. In this region, the Germans on both sides of the border express their religious emotion still in the most primitive manner. If we are to accept anything of Hitler's doctrine of race heritage, the mystical or fanatical force in the man may be attributed, in part, at least, to his "hillbilly" environment.

The second significant fact that emerges from his autobiography is that Hitler *was a member of the middle class, the petite bourgeoisie, who was déclassé, but who refused all his life to become a proletarian.*

Hitler's father was a petty customs official, nationalistic and pious, who died when he was young and left his son in poverty. The family name had been Schicklgruber, according to reliable accounts, and had been changed by his parents. (In Germany it is: *Heil Hitler*; but in the United States we may say "Hail Schicklgruber" if we wish.) A "wayward son," as he confesses, a poor student who never matriculated as an architect, Hitler's studies were ing, or house-painting. He was not happy nor of one mind with his fellow workers. In boyhood he had absorbed ideals of Pan-Germanism, he tells us, from an instructor at school as well as from his father. Siegfried and Frederick the Great were his idols. His comrades wanted him to join their union, and he refused. Their aspirations were not his; their socialist teachings which "repudiated" everything, the glory of war as of the Emperor, which held patriotism an instrument of capitalists, school a means of making slaves, and law the way of oppression for the working-class—all this was alien to him, though real enough to them.

In passages omitted from the present translation, he says: "My clothes were still in order, my speech scrupulous, my manner reserved . . ." He was, in short, a bourgeois, despite his ill-luck. And the supposition has been made that Hitler's "scabbing" brought his indignant comrades to drive him from his job. Here was the germ of his anti-Marxism. There seemed to be Jewish leaders among the socialist unions of Vienna, malodorous schemers, preachers of the class struggle, destroyers of himself and of the Fatherland, in his mind. "Then I became a fanatical anti-Semite . . ." he tells us in the unexpurgated German text. Hitler's mind was permanently colored in his Austrian youth; before he went to work in Munich in 1912, he was a Pan-Germanist, an anti-Semite, and a "Christian Socialist,"—for there were forerunners of Nazism long before the war both in Austria-Hungary and in Germany. In his intense nature the early convictions were unshaken and indeed strengthened by the events of the world war.

Among the idle veterans who hung about Munich in the winter of 1918-1919, and who with the Reichswehr put down Eisner's Red government in bloodiest fashion, Hitler distinguished himself not only as a ferocious Red-hunter, but also as a *Hetzer*, a gifted agitator. His long and disordered readings as well as practice fitted him to be a skilful speaker; and soon he could spur the soldiers as none of the officers could. Among the prowling companies of veterans in regular guard service or free-lance corps which periodically disturbed the early years of the Republic with their clamor and their repeated insurrections, Hitler's band became a spearhead of terror and Hooliganism. These ex-soldiers, and also the high army officers who secretly or openly encouraged them, had appetite only for conquering the streets, for the beating now of Jews, now of Reds. Recruits, such as the émigré Russian-German, Alfred von Rosenberg, brought the tactics of the Black Hundreds, or the notions of the rising Italian Fascism. At no time were the reactionary Guards or free-lance corps effectively put out of business in Bavaria. They were "murder organizations," it was protested; but nothing was done.

The day came when these ex-soldiers, ex-officers wanted a political movement, a party to represent the actual or potential force of arms they possessed. The leader, Hitler, emerged at first from a world of *franc-tireurs* and Hooligans. As his stage was broadened by making alliances with other elements of discontent, peasants and "Christian Socialists," his tactics changed; he became something of a politician as well as a Hooligan. There were fewer of the deliberate exhortations to murder or massacre or riot—though they were never missing. Gottfried Feder, Röhm, Gregor Strasser, and Goebbels, men of superior education, brought him new devices and ideas, and an improved dialectic for his credo, as they brought him recruits and money. There follow, then, all the picturesque and daring manœuvers, circus-meetings, provocations, street fighting, mass agitation, and press propaganda which were tolerated in Germany for a decade.

The Nazi movement made strange alliances as it groped toward power. Hitler took money from foreigners as well as from generals and capitalists. He promised much; to his followers, constantly trained for spectacular action, always secretly imposing upon them no self-denying, educational process such as the Communists attempted. Instead he professed to appeal to all their immediate, clashing interests. The class that wanted more dividends, the class that wanted higher farm prices or simply jobs, the elements that wanted action, or strengthening of the foreign policy—all those who wished their special interests served "without leaving the table"—he appealed to. And in the end, after the virtual break-down of the parliamentary system, he canalized the unrest which had gained over all Germany into his huge organization. The satisfactions and the dangers of futurity are now his. In the meantime, to effect union among fatally conflicting classes, Fascism must proceed with mounting violence.

In recent years our philosophers have often warned us of the dangers of exporting modern technical knowledge, with its telephones and machine guns to the more savage races. Hitler, in his crusade against civilization, we must note, has used every modern instrument with daring: airplane, radio, press, the methods of American advertising, and those of Chicago gangsterism. He epitomizes our modern dilemma.

Adolf Hitler's autobiography, written in 1924, is already obsolete to him. What effect will it have upon American readers? Are they men of reason, or will the instigations, the monotonously repeated propaganda take sway over them? The test should be instructive to us, and the American version—even with its attacks on the church and on foreign powers "toned down"—was in my opinion worth publishing here. It is better for us to know soon whether Hitler's direct propaganda against the type of democratic political institutions we own here, and his incitements to riot will reach their mark, so that we may determine what part we must take.

In the terms of Adolf Hitler's unique dialectics, this review is only too patently "a shameful Jewish trick."

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Matthew Josephson, who was at one time both literary and finance editor of the Newark Ledger, *has written books on Zola and Rousseau. He recently published a pamphlet on Hitler.*

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The Thick of Battle

SLANTING LINES OF STEEL. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by John Palmer Gavit

BAYONETS, of course. And the Great War, about which Powell already had written much and brilliantly. This book covers episodes of the whole "duration," but includes the finale of his own actual war service, as no longer a newspaper and magazine correspondent but an officer in the American army. I happen to have read it side-by-side with that of Frederick Palmer, his colleague and rival in the field of war correspondence, and was tempted to put them together; but that would have been unfair to both. Palmer's is an autobiography, covering forty-odd years of adventure, including wars, and comes in a different category. Each is first-class work. Nevertheless one senses a curious, almost indescribable contrast of personalities in the two men. Each has traveled widely and observed alertly; each is a master-craftsman at this trade. Each narrates in the first person. But Palmer is somehow merged in his story; Powell never allows himself out of his own sight. I was continually reminded of the little girl who said, "I don't see why people call me conceited, just because I am always right!" But the deuce of it is that Powell—if you believe what he says, and I have no disposition otherwise—generally *was* right, and when he was wrong he doesn't fail to tell you about it with a grin. No man is unpardonably conceited who can enjoy laughing at himself. Moreover, his conceit is spotted with honest, spontaneous modesty and careful credit where it belongs. Indeed, he acknowledges uncommon good luck at crucial points, whereas in most of the instances it is clear that the "luck" was his own foresight and enterprise. In other words, he fully appreciates himself, with a naive self-satisfaction that is sometimes irritating; but recognizes the qualities of the other members of the cast, and is conscientious against stealing the other fellow's thunder. In the end one hardly can fail to discern an extraordinarily lovable, candid, democratic chap, enjoying his job and exceedingly competent at it.

Powell has, in contrast with Palmer, much more of the professionally military point of view; much more was he cut out to be an army officer—a regular, I mean—and of the finest type. But however much he accustomed himself to horrors he never took them lightly. And he never condoned the brutalities, the senseless cruelties, inseparable from war. On that subject he certainly told General von Boehm, under whose command and consent occurred the butcheries at Aerschot and Louvain, to his face, his real name in words of one syllable. And as for war itself: out of a heart profoundly informed by personal observation and experience and charged with sound humanity he indicts it:

> . . . it cost the Germans upward of three hundred thousand dollars [in ammunition alone] to wound ten French soldiers. No other business could be run with such extravagance and succeed. But war, as anyone who has seen it will admit, is the most senseless business on earth.

I have read scores of war stories, but none, including Palmer's, better than this, and at the moment I can recall none (unless perhaps Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," which was fiction) anything like so good. The description of the bombardment of Antwerp, of the tramp-tramp-tramp of the German avalanche into Belgium, of the French artillery tornado in the Champagne, of the Italian-Austrian battle line "on the roof of Europe," where men froze on the snow-clad mountain-peaks and fried in the sun within sight of each other. . . . You will look far and fare worse in search of anything finer, if as fine. There is something French in the color of it—Dumas, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant, might have written and need not have been ashamed of some of this stuff.

When the United States entered the war Powell instantly quit his reporting and returned to offer himself in the service of his own country. The story of that service is a revelation—not new, of course—of the priceless blundering and waste of personnel and capacity with which we performed our part. None of it more characteristic or absurd than the punishment the Washington bureaucracy was able to inflict upon Powell for having, in Antwerp, run up in the face of the invading German horde, the American flag upon the American consulate whence the entire personnel, including the consul-general himself, had fled.

At the last he was put out of action by the falling of his horse upon him, and was invalided home, on the voyage hearing, two days out, the news of the Armistice. There are more than plenty of men to be army officers, but only a few Powell's equals in seeing and recounting, with consummate skill and artistry.

Our Family Album

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION. Assembled by Agnes Rogers, with Explanatory Captions by Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THIS is about as instructive a social history of America, and as easy of assimilation, as one could purchase for the price the publishers wish for it. The "latest" thing in books seems to be the book of pictures, the history of something conveyed through the photograph. Whether this indicates that the desire to read is decreasing in America—but usually when one conjures up some dire trend and then resorts to statistics it is found that the habits of the average person actually remain just about what they were. So despite Mr. Stallings's book of photographs of the late Great War, and now Mr. and Mrs. Allen's book of photographs of just about everything in America in the past seven decades, we need not, from a literary point of view, take fright. Indeed, when one adds up what Mr. Allen has written about the pictures in "The American Procession" we find that it runs to some twenty thousand words of informative and witty comment on the stream of events. His text no less than the choice of photographs creates atmosphere.

AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR, 1893

What a colossal job was here—to select from the enormous files of news photographers and collectors of all sorts the most significant and revealing panoramic presentment of our American past—and yet how well it has been done! The editors speak in their preface of the toil and the sudden unexpectedly gorgeous compensations of this work. They tell us of the remarkable results obtained in the face of enormous obstacles by those early photographers, Brady and Gardner, who photographed during the Civil War. They refer to the obstacles they themselves surmounted in identifying certain interesting pictures. And in their book they give us in proper sequence and proportion war, architecture, costume, the stock market, the "Empire Builders," the first inventions, the Indians, sport, the stage, the mansions of the rich, the hovels of the poor, the fandangoes of high society, a sequence of Presidents, the changes brought about by the industrial era, and a medley of fantastic American characters.

This book is of documentary importance and, at the same time, a whole evening's entertainment. Some of the pictures are "joys forever!" "The American Procession" will doubtless stimulate reminiscent anecdote all over the country. It should be infinitely suggestive to the writers of fiction, indicative of a wealth of native material still hardly touched. All those who read Mr. Allen's "Only Yesterday" need not be reminded of his keen intelligence and clear exposition as an historian. The compilers of this book pay a tribute, incidentally, to Mark Sullivan, whose work has been of some assistance to them in their own.

STEVE BRODIE IN HIS SALOON, 1886

(Photographs on this page are from "The American Procession")

Bonfils, Tammen, and their Merry Men

(Continued from first page)

region of which Denver is the capital. The sphere of influence of the *Denver Post* extended from the western Kansas line well into Utah, north into Wyoming, and south into New Mexico, an area larger than an average European state. It is sparsely settled but rich in natural resources and rich in political power. So Bonfils and Tammen became American princes of the blood, men of power, satraps of the central Rocky Mountain region; and lived scrappily ever after, carrying to their graves the bullets of their adversaries. So much for the story.

This book by Gene Fowler who was a reporter on the *Post*, is a merry tale. Fowler is splendidly equipped to write this story. He reveals himself thus: Being sent to interview Buffalo Bill, he insulted the old plainsman by asking him what the duke really said when he caught the Colonel in the lady's bathroom. Of course Buffalo Bill resented it. When Fowler returned to the *Post* to write his piece, Tammen called the young reporter into his office. Cody had just demanded that Fowler be fired.

"Were you always impudent?" asked Tammen.

"Yes," he admitted, "I always was."

Tammen put his hands on the young man's shoulder and said, "Keep it up, son, it is something you cannot buy." The gorgeous impudence of this book, its felicitous, diabolical cynicism, its authentic unmorality furnish the perfect tempo in which the story of the Bonfils and Tammen adventure should be told. The tale is a most delicious bit of Americana. Bonfils and Tammen could not have lived in any other country. Yet they might have lived in any other American state. Any newspaper which appeals directly, consciously, and intelligently to the moron mind is reasonably sure of financial success. Sometimes it acquires political power but rarely has standing in the profession. Bonfils, the editor of the *Post*, resigned from the Society of American Newpaper Editors after an inquiry into his activities in connection with the Teapot Dome exploitation. The *Post* was always held in low esteem in the higher Pecksniffian circles of the journalistic craft. Yet despite the fact that it paraded up and down the primrose path of American journalism, it was a type, exaggerated to be sure, of journalistic success in this country.

Tammen was a good showman. Bonfils kept the box office. The two made money. They made a demagogic appeal to the great plain people. The *Post* was supposed to be the big brother of the Rocky Mountain region. Its editors like to call it the paper with a heart and a soul. Its enemies added, "and a price." Yet it did dominate a region, it molded the politics and to a certain extent the external mind of that region. The *Post* was indeed an exponent of its territory. It represented the hard metal mining region. It was the errand boy of a rather crass plutocracy, perhaps not a corrupt agent but none the less the representative of great riches quickly gained, unsteadily held, and endowed with all the unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth.

Of course the story that Gene Fowler has told here lacks coherence; it wanders all over the lot, is full of extraneous stuff all interesting, all illuminating, all a part of the background out of which the story springs. And when one has read the book which is easy reading, as easy reading as the *Post* itself or any tabloid paper, one has a sense that he has been slumming in darkest democracy. He has read an ugly story, viewed ethically, but a merry one which will sadden the reader if he has any sense of what it really means. It should be published and circulated by the Society for the Suppression of American Optimism. It would be the society's perfect handbook!

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, *is one of the leading figures of American journalism.*

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Tension When Tennyson wrote "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay" he packed a century of symbolism into the words. His conscious mind meant obviously that Europe was alive and Asia dead; the prophetic instinct of the poet, which so often sees more than it understands, forecast the growing tension of the Occident, which was to string high pressure wires throughout civilization upon which bodies and souls were to be wrecked. With China what it is today, we cannot say "Better fifty years of Cathay than a century of Europe," yet if there are still untroubled founts of culture at the back of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the sentiment will have subscribers.

The tension in literature referred to before in these columns, and so marked in the movies, in the novel, on the stage, and in poetry, is the response to, or the reflection of, that tense competition in production and sales which marked the epoch out of which we are just emerging. Its best symbol was the hysterical intensity of advertising, precisely as the blood and violence of pre-Shakespearean drama was a symbol for the violence and blood of the reigns of the first Tudors. American university life was also tense through the decades centering in 1900, tense not with intellectual striving, but with social and athletic competition. Now that tensity is relaxing, and there are widespread complaints of defeatism, disillusion, idle dissipation, and sterile criticism of stale methods of teaching in a college life that has lost its glamour but has not yet attained a different vitality. Yet it is probable that the American university is a healthier place for minds now than in the quite unintellectual feverishness of the last epoch.

The tensity which sparked from laissez-faire competition in the business world to social competition in the American universities is paralleled in Europe by the sudden leap of tensity from political discontent to education. Italy, Germany, and Russia, each in its fashion, are streaked with high-power lines leading to the schools, and tension, tension, tension is exalted beyond any other value in life. Children are led in thousands to view melodramatic monuments celebrating a consecration to war and national aggrandizement at the expense of others, and the state has been deified in order to make the purposes of a whole generation tense.

Of course it is better to wear than to rust, better to be blown up than to be bored to death, better (some think) to be strung to a pitch of fanaticism than to be let down into idle disillusion—we know all these arguments, but they deal with blacks and whites and do not touch the central fact, that tension on the live wires of the modern world is increasing much faster than the load of electricity on our mechanical power systems, with casualties proportionately more frequent. And if the meek do not seem likely soon to inherit the earth, the future may very possibly be already ripe for the hands of those that have been fortunate enough to escape. It is possible that those who will lead us out of the pit that is being dug visibly at our feet, will not be the demagogues and dictators, whose clenched jaws and strained faces stare out of the Sunday supplements (looking as if they had fed on coiled springs and compressed air capsules), but those others who have freed themselves, or are by nature free, from tension, who have cut or dodged the high voltage wires and returned to the tempo of earth.

Nor is it the least fortunate aspect of this year in America that President Roosevelt is obviously such a man. His policy of trial and error with a goal ahead but no fixed path pre-determined, and his ability to inspire both confidence and calm, would be unworkable by a fanatic, such as Hitler, or even by a high-pressure American of the type we admired before 1929. How he escaped in this generation of over-tensity one does not know, but it is fair to assume that his struggle with physical disability has given him that equal temper which Tennyson, following the Greeks, also praised.

As for the others, and us, the much put-upon American public, roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard by the waves of tension, there are remedies enough where there is will to want them. In literature, Jane Austen would be our evening choice, that cool persiflage in which pretense and selfish aggrandizement become ridiculous. And philosophy, religion, and a sense of humor were created out of man's imagination for a like end.

Pamphlet Literature In these days when government announces its policy by radio, and systems that have taken generations to build change their form over night, it becomes increasingly difficult for written discussion to keep pace with action. Even the most hastily concocted book may be outdated before it is off the presses, and publishers, even though authors might, do not easily contemplate extensive corrections and revisions. As a result a whole literature in pamphlet form is already springing into being which, transitory as its life in the present may be, still should have a large importance for the future. For here, vivid with the excitement of the moment, is a record of opinions and discussion as they shift and veer within a brief compass of time, a sort of informal history of public sentiment which ought to be enormously valuable some day to the student of social psychology. Not for a long time has the pamphlet had so pertinent a usefulness for its own day. But its worth is for the future as well, for a time that may indeed have seen disappear many of the policies which called it into being.

Some lost letters of Richard Wagner have been discovered in Bayreuth. One shows how he encouraged Nietzsche to publish "The Birth of Tragedy."

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

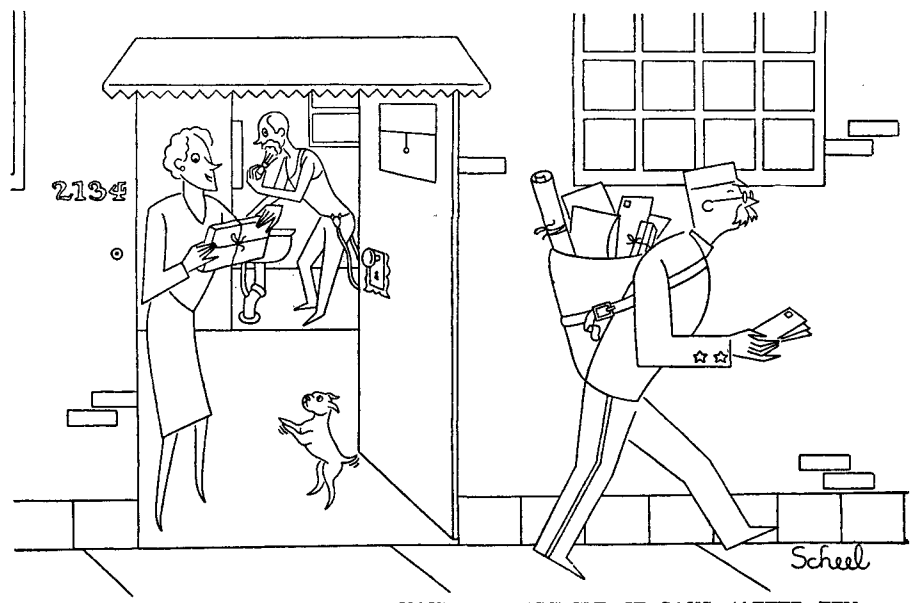
TIMBER LINE. By GENE FOWLER. *Covici-Friede.* The startling story of the Denver *Post.*

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY. By G. D. H. and MARGARET COLE. *Knopf.* A panorama of present-day Europe.

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES. By DOROTHY PARKER. *Viking.* Pungent tales of contemporary life.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GREEK WAY. By EDITH HAMILTON. *Norton.* A study of the Greek mind and civilization.



"OH, JOHN, THEY MUST LIKE YOUR MANUSCRIPT—IT SAYS, 'AFTER TEN DAYS RETURN TO HENRY AND LONGWELL, PUBLISHERS.'"

To the Editor: *Spontaneous Combustion*

Mr. Nevins's Review

Sir: I protest against Allan Nevins's review of "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror." I protest not merely in behalf of myself, but in behalf of the many readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* who, I am certain, were distressed by his sabotage of a book that has created an international sensation, but who have not, perhaps, had the opportunities that I have had to learn the facts.

"The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror" was written some six months after the Nazis seized power. It was written in the heat of the brutal civil war that is not yet ended. The documents upon which it is based, according to Lord Marley's foreword, were placed at the disposal of the World Committee that prepared the book by doctors and lawyers now in Germany, by the tortured and martyred victims themselves, and by the reporters of the Committee. These "reporters," as everyone knows, are labor leaders and intellectuals of all camps who were and still are close to the scene, have every conceivable chance to observe what is actually going on, and are risking their lives and the lives of their relatives and friends in order to make the truth known. Lord Marley writes: "It is always difficult to secure authentic information as to what is happening under a well-organized terror." In short, it was heroism that produced this book. . . . Mr. Nevins says it is not "sober."

I should like to know what Mr. Nevins considers sober. . . . Moreover, what emotion animates a man to plead for sobriety concerning a situation that shrieks for anger and fear. Correspondents in Germany who are anything but communists have been insisting that there *is* sadism and murder there, and that it *is* literally a "hell." What justification has Mr. Nevins for damning this book because it says exactly that?

It is "loosely written," he says. Certainly. It was prepared necessarily in haste; it was not prepared as a Ph.D. thesis.

It is "significant that the actual authorship of this volume is nowhere stated," he says. It unquestionably is significant. If the names of the writers were made public they would be murdered. Merely because Professor Einstein is an honorary member of the sponsoring committee, the Nazis have put a price upon his head. Does Mr. Nevins doubt that? Has he forgotten the slaughter of Professor Lessing in Prague?

The names of the "World Committee" that sponsored the volume are not given, he remarks. As a man who is presumably in touch with current affairs he should himself be acquainted with the names. They have been published often. They are: Lord Marley (of the Labor Party), Professor Francis Jourdain, Henri Barbusse, Paul Longevin (of the French Academy), Ernst Toller, Sylvia Pankhurst, Professor H. Levy, J. B. Matthews, Egon Erwin Kisch, Willi Muenzenberg, Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Malcolm Cowley, Romain Rolland, and numerous others.

One of the most significant sections in the volume deals with the burning of the Reichstag. "The Brown Book" exonerates the communists and accuses the Nazis themselves of being the real incendiaries. The evidence put forth was just examined by a group of internationally renowned jurists and unanimously approved by them. The current trial in Leipzig and Berlin has not yet disproved any part of this evidence. Mr. Nevins, however, is not convinced. He writes that "it does not add to our confidence in the book to find the caption 'Hitler Betrays Himself' applied to some natural words against communism which Hitler uttered immediately after the fire; nor to find a list of 'thirty-one Nazi contradictions' made merely on the basis of confused reports in Nazi organs and confused utterances by Nazi leaders." Mr. Nevins neglects to point out that Hitler's "natural words" consisted of an accusation made *before* he could, in the ordinary course of events, have learned that the police were charging the communists with the crime. Nor does Mr. Nevins point out that among Hitler's "natural words" were the following: "This is a God-given signal! . . . This fire is the beginning." Shortly afterwards, using the fire as a pretext, Hindenburg turned the government over to Hitler. And finally, Mr. Nevins fails to mention that the "contradictions" prove exactly one thing: that there was absolutely no ground for the arrest of Torgler, Dimitroff, Popoff, and Taneff. Of course, Mr. Nevins says nothing at all about the irrefutable and damning Oberfohren memorandum.

Mr. Nevins complains that the murders are not "adequately documented!!" It is hopeless to attempt a reply.

It all boils down to this: that he resents the radical touch in the book. But who else would have written it? Liberals like Mr. Nevins? No, they would have waited ten years for "adequate documentation." Conservatives like James W. Gerard? Let Hitler quit his Jew-baiting and they will throw themselves into his arms. Mr. Nevins concludes that if "The Brown Book" were "restrained" it would be a "powerful weapon against some of the present policies of the German rulers." *Some* of the policies? Ah!

BERNARD SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Smith's Letter

Sir: Thank you for showing me Mr. Smith's letter. In reply, I don't in the least resent the radical touch in "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror." I don't even resent some violent language in a good cause. I do resent violence to truth. "The Brown Book" does violence to truth when it speaks (p. 132) of "the sadism which in the last few months has led to thousands of murders"; when it refers (p. 133) to "the whole of Hitler's Germany" as "a brown hell"; when it not merely *accuses* the Nazis of being the incendiaries of the Reichstag, as Mr. Smith says, but treats this dubious case as closed and the charges as proved; when it deliberately distorts such facts of history as those of the Haymarket Riot. It was not I, but former Ambassador Gerard, who said in an entirely different review of the book that it smacked of communist propaganda. My own opinion is that in some parts it is simply hysterical and exaggerated. The World War taught us that nothing is more easily obtained, nothing needs more critical scrutiny, than atrocity stories. Professor Einstein is reported to have dissociated himself from the book; I shall believe that such men as Henri Barbusse approve talk about "thousands of murders" when they are formally quoted to that effect.

ALLAN NEVINS.

New York, N. Y.

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Farewell to the Nineties

WINNER TAKE NOTHING. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1933. $2 .

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

WE have accustomed ourselves to Ernest Hemingway, and therefore it becomes more possible to estimate his values and to place him in the literary show. His staccato style has had the compliment of much imitation. His themes, drawn from the wreckage of war, or from ruthless analysis of youthful memories, or from the upsurge of savagery or brutal egoism in supposedly civilized man, have become as expected and familiar as the Cinderella plot of the conventional short story. Hemingway, like Ring Lardner, like O. Henry, like Kipling, has created his world and his technique of making it articulate. He is no longer one of the youngsters, and we must praise him now, not for his novelties as such, but for their merit as renderings of life, and for the qualities of that life itself.

And what does one find in a collection of short stories such as this new volume? On the plus side, an extraordinary power of observation, worthy of comparison with Kipling's, an observation that knows no inhibitions, but is as limited as was that earlier master's—who could do the sensational, but not nuances and subtleties of a matured culture. An observation, however, that, because it is not inhibited, brings a fresh range of subjects into the light. I find nothing in this volume as poignant as certain sketches of trout fishing (a passionate subject for Hemingway) in earlier writing, or as beautifully organized as the retreat from Caparetto in "A Farewell to Arms," unless it be the dangerously macabre descriptions of horrid death in "A Natural History of Death," or the hysterical account of fornication in "Fathers and Sons." Yet no one can read of the brute who looks through his water glass at the sunken steamer, with bodies floating inside the port holes, his rudimentary pity only felt, not realized like the frustration of his greed, or the deceptively simple account of the prize fighter in "The Mother of a Queen," whose egoism is so perfect that no blow can touch it, without hailing one of the most skilful writers of our generation.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
The author is at the right of the 468-lb. marlin he caught in Cuban waters. There are no fish stories in his new book.

And yet, and yet, the comparison with Kipling persists. Now that the novelty is off these studies of egoism, brutality, cold lust, and pathetic demoralization, it becomes clearer and clearer that we have not changed so much from the nineties as we supposed. Then it was what somewhere East of Suez had to say to smug Victorianism which excited the younger readers. The lid was on in genteel America and England—even Mark Twain had not dared to lift it, but under the old Chinese pagoda at Mandalay the Westerner became primitive man again. He fell in love with Dinah Shadd but could not step out to tell her so without worse than philandering on the way. He lived a brute's life and paid for it. He was usually drunk, usually lusting for women, and sadly willing to tell about it. Of course Kipling threw a glamour over it all—removed it by half a world from the complacent West. His Mulvaneys were romantic figures in a cleaner, greener land than ours. The raw shocks to our sensibilities were cushioned by humor and restraint in language, for one remembers that the Soldiers Three told their stories to a gentleman and pruned their language to suit. And unquestionably Hemingway has come a step further along the road. Kipling could never have handled his cold killers, for the war had not yet drained humanitarianism from the imagination. Kipling was incapable of such unadorned brutality of natural speech between men and women only their vulgar selves with no overtones of humane possibilities given to them by the writer.

Yet Kipling, with more humor, was far less sentimental than Hemingway. He never is so sorry for himself as this man who records struggle where the winner gets nothing. His norm is still a hearty, courageous world in which brutality or degeneracy is an aberration, romantic because it releases the inhibited in man, but transitory. And Kipling is the better story teller. When you cannot reread with the old pleasure a story of Kipling's it is because he so gloats upon and over-emphasizes the sensations. His style is sometimes all exclamation mark. Yet even then the brilliant plot remains. When you are bored by Hemingway, as I frankly am by a half dozen of these new stories, which are repetitive with the slow pound, pound of a hammer upon a single mood, there is nothing to revive you except flashes of excellent observation. The younger man is at his best precisely when (if one insists upon regarding him as a novelist) he is at his worst,—when he takes one episode, one phase of a temperament, one mood, one moment, and eliminating all context, all verbiage, cuts a stencil of it and stamps it on the page with unforgettable incisiveness. I would cite from this volume the narrative of the doctor at the end of the "Natural History of the Dead" who will not let them kill the dying man. I don't believe that Kipling or anyone of his time could have written those few pages. They would not have dared the language, they would not have been able to keep what they believed was the hearty normal world so completely out of their imaginations.

And yet I cannot see much difference in the history of art between the sensationalism of Hemingway, except that the first (like his business contemporaries) had Asia to exploit, and the second, after the breakup of the great war, finds his horrors at home, and makes his romance out of reversions instead of adventures. Neither man is a novelist, both men deal in specialities eminently suitable to the sketch or the short story. Both depend upon over-emphasis. Both will suffer heavily from a change in taste, as Kipling has already suffered from the shift in interest away from the romance of imperialism. Kipling, of course, has a far greater endowment as a writer. Yet I do not believe that it is merely the franchise to speak plainly of things not written about in nineteenth century English which has given Hemingway his great success. His dialogue is limited. It is good only for special people—especially for primitive passionates, for wounded sophisticates where the primitive shows through like an exposed bone, for pathetic inarticulates, and for men of abnormal simplicity whose love of wine, of women, or of murder so dominates as to run the whole machine—but for these it is a superb instrument. Whether Kipling's humor and his superb apprehensions of the beauty of heroism, of the fundamental decencies, of patriotism, of love not merely sexual, do not make him the greater man, depends upon whether the brutality in which the world is just now indulging is, in truth, further from the heart of human desire than what other ages have longed for. But the two belong to the same wave of historical culture. Kipling began what Hemingway, perhaps, is ending. The path seems to lead into a swamp.

O'Neill Backs and Fills

AH, WILDERNESS! By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Random House. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by John Corbin

IN a double sense Eugene O'Neill turns time backward in his latest play. "Ah, Wilderness!" which his publisher insists on calling "A Comedy of Recollection," dates a full quarter of a century ago, when the author of it, now panoplied in years, was seventeen; and its technique is that of the then-honored "new school" of realism, which O'Neill practised so ably in his earlier plays. As they used to say on the Connecticut shore where his action takes place, he backs and fills. The phrase has come to connote vacillation; but originally it described a difficult manipulation of sails by which Yankee skippers made headway against the wind. It applies in both senses. We have here no technical stunts—no rubber masks denoting the double-facedness of life, no pseudo-Freudian soliloquies, no sedulous aping of Æschylus. But the sails of the playwright swell to the breeze, and the result is some measure of progress.

The theme and the setting are curiously similar to those of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," but with a difference equally curious. A case of calf love crops out in a very respectable small-town family, developing a world of adolescent passions and posturings, of flighty speech and fly-by-night conduct, male and female. But between the mental horizons of the two small-town youngsters there is a significant contrast. The passions and posturings of Tarkington's Willy Baxter are recognizable and welcome alike to readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* and, let us say, to the audiences of the Theatre Guild, where "Ah, Wilderness!" is now playing; they are universally human, fundamental, eternal, and all that sort of thing. And they are primordially American, being innocent of the three deadly sins of our small towns. The mind of O'Neill's Richard, on the contrary, is immersed in wine, women, and song, though he puts it in no phrase so bald.

To the horror of his skirt-and-shirt-waist mother, he reads Swinburne and Omar on the sly (not to mention Shaw and Ibsen); and, wooing a girl of fifteen, he sends her elegant extracts about drinking her veins like wine, eating her breasts like honey, and thus entombing her very flesh in his flesh. This cannibalism enrages the girl's father and even nonplusses the boy's more reasonable male parent. To Richard the upshot is an adolescent despair that drives him to the back room of a bed-house saloon and lands a tart little peroxide blonde in his lap. He escapes drinking this lady's veins, being kicked out of the family entrance by an irascible barkeep; but he gets very drunk and, like the young lady of Twickenham, when he took off his shoes he was sick in 'em.

Is it possible that, as chronology and the publisher's insistence on that word *recollection* imply, we have to do with a bit of fictional autobiography? Mr. O'Neill himself suggests this—suggests even that he is, so to speak, the eponymous hero of his tribe. For, singling out George Jean Nathan from among his followers, he dedicates "Ah, Wilderness!" to him—"who also, once upon a time, in peg-top trousers went the pace that kills along the road to ruin."

As always in his zig-zag course of backing and filling, Mr. O'Neill reveals a new facet of his genius. Hitherto he has been least of all things remarkable for the sympathetic humor which is the essence of comedy. He has, indeed, shown the keenest of insight into character, which is the essence of drama in all its forms; but the bent of his plays has been tragic, or at least sardonic. When "comedy" folk appeared, as in the hick chorus of "Mourning Becomes Electra," the humor has been lugubrious. In "Ah, Wilderness!" there is the same preoccupation with deadly sin, and the revelations of it are at times rather heavy-handed; but the play reads better than it can be briefly described, and, thanks to an inherent instinct for theatric effect, it acts better than it reads. Certainly the sophisticated have joy in it.

EUGENE O'NEILL

John Corbin was for a time dramatic critic of the New York Times *and later of the* New York Sun.

March in Reverse

RADETZKY MARCH. By Joseph Roth. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Fred J. Ringel

WITH the critical applause which "Radetzky March" will undoubtedly receive, it seems absolutely imperative to analyze first the startling change in the intellectual personality of Joseph Roth before one sets out to review this beautifully written book. Hardly another writer directly after the war entered upon so striking a career, aroused so much attention and expectation, and so influenced a whole school of writers. Six years ago, when Joseph Roth with his book "Flight without End" started out in a new direction, he rejected the word "novel" as designation of a contemporary means of expression for the social upheaval, hopeless despair, and groping for a new future after the collapse of a world. He called his book a "report" and, interpreting his conception, he wrote that "there is no longer any point in 'improvising'. Most significant of all is what has been observed." Today Roth returns to the structural depth of the novel, but he has accomplished only a drawn-out narrative. The refreshing gusto of satire and sarcastic criticism in his former books, bound to lead to an active attitude towards present-day problems, has escaped in the turbulence of our chaotic time into a painful passivity, which naturally had to find its climax in the glorification of a decaying past.

The first novels of Joseph Roth portrayed our imprisonment within the times: "Flight without End" was the report of Lieutenant Tunda, who returns from the war and marches towards his home without being able to find it. In the ultimate realization that he will never be home, he stands in the end, in the same spiritual state as at the beginning of the book, "on the square in front of the Madeleine, in the center of the world's capital and didn't know what to do. He had no calling, no love, no desire, no hope, no ambition, and not even egotism. In all the world there was no one as superfluous as he." Then Joseph Roth writes the book of "Zipper and His Father," and paints the pre-war time with its comfortably soulless, idyllic life; he writes of the sleek respectability underlying all ambition, the childish ad-

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miration for every uniform, the patriotism that consisted of a thousand little weaknesses and vanities and sent both generations to the war. . . . In "Right and Left," Roth turns back to the undecided and indefinable present. Again he sets father and son before us, but the father soon dies, and the son goes to war, from which he comes back completely changed, oppressed by his owner inner emptiness.

"Radetzky March" reveals an astounding change in Joseph Roth's work. The fighter Roth has become the meditating observer of a bygone epoch, with a burning nostalgia for the things past. His soothing melody lulls all criticism into soft-spoken, caressing descriptions. Carefully weighed prose, details painted in miniature, enwrap the analysis of the past presented in the form of a story of a family of officers. The son of a Slovenian peasant, Joseph Trotta, becomes a noble because he saved his emperor's life in the battle of Solferino, and remains for his whole career under the inconspicuous though tangible influence of the gratefulness of Francis Joseph. His son becomes not a soldier but a member of the civil service, the grandson again an officer.

Joseph Roth has the courage not to shy away from apparent banalities; with his masterly prose he makes of these some of the splendid chapters in the book. This may be a virtue, but the whole of these kaleidoscopic passages does not even formulate and certainly does not penetrate the driving social forces moulding the fate of his characters. And this accomplishment is the criterion of a really great work. The original conception of the novel: the novel of three generations, the military castes, the civil service, and again the generals and officers—who actually represented the sociologically most important layers of the ruling class in the old Hapsburg empire—is presented merely within the small radius of one single family. But what caused the change and what brought about the final collapse of these upper classes? No answer can be found in this book. Yet Joseph Roth is well aware that there is no action without reaction, no decay without a cause.

Nevertheless, "Radetzky March" does show all the merits of a noble, conscientious, and mature writer. Admirably translated by Geoffrey Dunlop, it is a most commendable book. Although it does not altogether live up to what it promises at the outset, it must be looked upon as the work of one of the best writers of modern German literature.

❧ ❧

Fred J. Ringel has for many years been American correspondent for the German press. He was the editor of the symposium, "America as Americans See It."

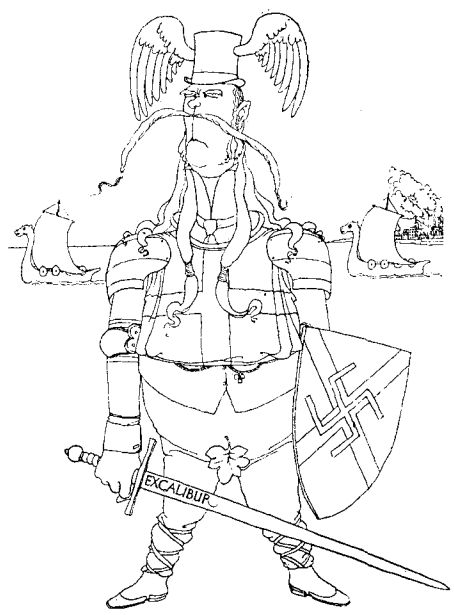
The Collapse of Internationalism

(*Continued from first page*)

it is now indulging in a wave of national and anti-parliamentarian radicalism.

"The mass of the people have looked to nationalism to give them bread as well as freedom." The result has been the worst "age of violence" in a century.

Part II, "The Countries of Europe," consists of fourteen chapters sketching the recent history, present status, and relatively permanent characteristics of the European countries. The authors not only cite the known facts but call attention to such essential matters as the following: in the much contested Upper Silesian decision 350,000 Germans were, to be sure, placed under Polish rule, but not less than half a million Poles remained under Germany and are today at the mercy of Adolf Hitler. Poland possesses perhaps too many Ukrainians and White Russians but the country is capable of great economic development if the capital can be found. The authors show for Bulgaria a sympathy shared by this reader: they pay tribute to Yugoslavia while noting that the attempt of the Serbian nucleus to ride roughshod over the other sorts of Slav and non-Slav in the country can, if persisted in, lead to nothing but trouble. The unhappy situation of post-war Hungary is well if somewhat pessimistically described. Yet here one may also read of the immense importance inherent in the Little Entente's present efforts to draw closer together.



MENACE TO INTERNATIONALISM
"The Nordic Man," a caricature from Time and Tide *(London).*

The Coles note that Germany, before the war as now, was unwilling to accept the "position of world inferiority" inherent in the maintenance of the status quo. And in this sentence lies more wisdom that in a dozen volumes of detailed discussion of "war guilt." The roots of Nazidom go back to the failure of the 1918 revolutionaries to crush the pre-war rulers. For without the destructive work of the ex-soldiers and nationalists, the Junkers and the big businessmen, Hitler's seed would have fallen on barren soil. In the discussion of Belgium they correct the idea suggested earlier that the Flemings are a national minority. France, in their opinion, emphatically is not governed in the interests of the ironmongers of the *Comité des Forges,* but for the benefit of the mass of small peasants and town-dwelling *petits bourgeois.* France is a well balanced country and a highly civilized one: individualists, the French desire a weak government and get it. For their fundamental political ambition is to be left alone. The description of Great Britain is magnificently lucid, that of Soviet Russia enthusiastic.

Part III, treating the economic situation, is admirably illustrated with tables and charts so that all the fundamental factors of the present slump—all the measurable factors—are exposed. These one hundred and thirty odd pages make none too easy reading but they are worth the effort required if the "intelligent man" ever intends to sit in judgment upon men and means of the Great Depression.

In Part IV, "European Political Systems," lies what is to me the most interesting discussion in an interesting volume. For here the authors explain the decay of many of the parliamentary constitutions foisted upon the new states after the war. Balkan peoples, Poles, even Germans were simply not up to a democratic system, particularly not during a world depression when parliamentarism had, even in such eminently democratic countries as Great Britain and France, begun very noticeably to creak. Therefore the challenge of communism and the vast growth of socialism in Europe, therefore the answering challenge of fascism. Socialism insisted on class elimination on an international scale; fascism answered by frenzied nationalism under a "totalitarian state," maintaining private property by petrifying the classes (corporative State).

Part V, "European International Relations," reaches several interesting conclusions: (1) there can be no security without disarmament and "the Peace Treaties ought to be revised," but nations will not disarm "as long as they continue to be nations in the sense of claiming complete national sovereignty"; (2) the League of Nations aims primarily at the prevention of wars yet "within the existing system of sovereign States there is no possibility of a territorial settlement which will remove the danger of wars aiming at territorial readjustment"; (3) therefore all nations ought to hasten to establish the socialist Internationale.

Part VI, "The European Outlook," consisting of a single chapter, closes this first-rate book on a note of pessimism. For this outlook is, according to the authors, depressing. Capitalism is clearly changing to something like planned economy or "state socialism," but this must not be confused with real socialism. The world could recover from this crisis under capitalism, but only to plunge into another similar one within a short time. And the creditors and the working class will not permit a return to the (perhaps) workable principles of *laissez-faire.* There is danger of war, for the causes of war lie fundamentally in "capitalist nationalism and capitalist imperialism." The fundamental question of our age is therefore "whether the forces making for cosmopolitan socialism will be strong enough to build up the new society before sheer disaster overtakes the peoples of Europe."

This conclusion makes a dramatic conclusion to a fascinating play of forces. But here, in my opinion, lies the key to those points on which I differ with the authors. I do not refer to insignificant errors of fact like those on page eleven or to the statement that Adolph Hitler is a former socialist, but to far more fundamental conceptions. These writers, gifted as they are, seem to me to suffer from a divided intellect.

At the end of the volume they confess their belief in the philosophy of Karl Marx: had this been done at the beginning, many things would have been clear. For Marxism is a dogma and its adherents take fundamental opinions ready made. Anyone close to international affairs could predict that Marxians, even English Marxians, would condemn the treaties of peace as incredibly harsh (which they were not as such treaties go); would tend to favor their revision regardless of the international consequences; would believe that the Germans have done everything in their power to pay reparations, quite regardless of the fact that in the boom years the German living standard was considerably higher than that of victorious France or Belgium; would consider that by a conciliatory treatment of the Germans the horrors of contemporary Hitlerism could have been avoided—a crucial but highly problematic point; would believe that periodic depressions are inherent in the nature of imperialistic capitalism and will ultimately destroy it; would see the cure for the present depression not in trying to make both ends meet or allowing bankruptcy to eliminate decay, but in money and credit manipulation and public spending, with a departure from the gold standard; would consider fascism primarily a capitalist reaction to the threat of communism, whereas in point of fact it may be a prelude to a new lot of national communistic States of a peculiarly vicious and obscurantist type; would neglect the historically retrograde development of such countries as Italy and Germany in favor of some sort of economic decay in explaining why fascism broke out there and not elsewhere; would overestimate the popular happiness and economic achievement of Soviet Russia while underestimating the essentially despotic, intolerant, and cruel nature of its handful of rulers; and finally, would reach the conclusion, not that capitalism is by its nature international and must become ever more so if it is to survive, but that only socialism is sufficiently cosmopolitan to save European society from final destruction. As Marxians, the Coles believe all these things. Doubtless, they make a good enough dogma, if you want one. This reader does not. He notes that whereas as Marxians the Coles are forced to attribute fascism chiefly to the economic motives of preserving private property at a time when capitalism becomes over-ripe, as individuals they understand that capitalism in Italy, where fascism started, had not even reached maturity. Nationalism and other factors of a predominantly political sort were at its origin and the Coles know this—whenever they simply look at affairs instead of trying to apply their dogma to them. Fortunately this habit of looking prevailed; thanks to it these authors have produced the best existing book of its type.

❧ ❧

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, whose "Germany Puts the Clock Back" brought him into the ill favor of the Nazi government, has been president of the Association of Foreign Press representatives in Germany. The Association refused to repudiate him when the Hitler régime attempted to have him deposed. He is now in this country.

Dictator, Old Style

BORIS GODUNOF. By Stephen Graham. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRAND DUCHESS MARIE

TO most, Boris Godunof is a legendary figure, but not to one brought up in the shadow of the great belfry of St. John, erected by Boris in the heart of the Moscow Kremlin. In the light of actualities his character should assume an added reality as the construction of the St. John belfry in 1600 represented an item in an extensive "building program" conceived by Boris during a period of "depression," a year when the total failure of crops and resulting starvation brought large numbers of restless people to the capital.

Boris himself belongs to an epoch of transition in Rusian history, an epoch when the struggle with Asia and its invading hordes was about to terminate, allowing the Russians to relax from a state of constant armed vigilance and turn towards more peaceful pursuits. His was an epoch of transition also for another reason. The dynasty of Moscow Grand Dukes, all of them wise and astute rulers who had consolidated the power and influence of Moscow over the rest of the land, had come to an end.

Ivan the Terrible, the last of these capable rulers, left his throne to a son who was both weak in body and in mind; and Boris, Ivan's man of confidence, became regent soon after the grim old Czar's death. Like Ivan he sought to establish closer contact with the Western world and strove for an outlet on the Baltic Sea. His inclinations were peaceful, and he tried to avoid unnecessary conflicts with neighboring states. He welcomed foreigners to

BORIS GODUNOF

Moscow, particularly physicians, architects, and engineers. He was interested in matters of education, sent men to study abroad, thought of building schools, and even of founding a university in Moscow.

After the death of Ivan's last offspring Boris became Czar, and his rule promised to be a brilliant one but did not fulfil expectations. Boris did not possess the independence of spirit which would have allowed him to rise above his time and surroundings, neither did he have the background of traditional authority to support him. He was never able to assert himself completely upon the throne of the Moscow Grand Dukes. Knowing that in the eyes of his milieu he was a usurper, as time went on he himself became increasingly conscious of the uncertainty of his position and saw his power threatened on all sides. From a good statesman he degenerated into a man haunted by suspicion and doubt. His reign ended in tragedy, involving not only himself and his family but also the whole of Russia.

Mr. Graham's "Boris Godunof" presents us with a masterly description of an epoch in Russian history full of strange happenings, curious personalities, and complicated intrigues. Not only is his narrative based upon the most reliable documentary sources, but it is also permeated with that glamorous and rather mysterious atmosphere of the Russian sixteenth century.

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The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

Second-class Mail

It is dubious, mused the Old Mandarin,
Whether definite principles can be framed
For the wise conduct of life.
Professor Pitkin announces
(in his rules for Saving Energy After Forty)
"Never open second-class mail;
This saves several hundred calories a year."
But it is often in the lower-class mail
That I find what is of greatest spiritual value—
Antioch Notes,
Booksellers' catalogues,
And the unconscious humor
Of vociferating merchants.

Also, first-class mail
Is so likely to say
Please send check.

Light the Maroons

And why hoard your energy?
Waste it, waste it!
Perhaps that's what it's for.
Oh to burst off a few unpurposeful maroons
Like an oak tree in autumn
Or Einstein's violin.

Windshield Wipers

In Los Angeles, the panhandlers
Rush up to your car
When it is halted at a crossing.
They wipe the windshield clean
And hope for a tip.

In the world of intellect,
That is exactly
What philosophers do.

Only a Tree

The redwood tree
Is the most majestic of living things
But the little dog
Who trotted with us down the canyon
Knew that, after all,
It was only a tree
And available as such.

Deplorable

Deplorable indeed, observed the oriental cynic,
That what one wishes forgotten
Is always longest remembered;
And he read again, with ill-bred amusement,
The story of Abu Hasan
In the *Arabian Nights.*

Anthropomorphic

Even Jehovah
After Moses had got the Commandments
Committed to stone
Probably thought:
I always forget the things
I really intended to say.

A Fragment

In due season we are granted
The artists we require
And they [are granted]
The emotions they need.

Voltaire

Voltaire, an admirer of the Quakers,
Said that if it were not for sea-sickness
He would come to live
In Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania
Would have been very much shocked
If he had.

"England, Their England"

Everyone has his own point of view,
And the whole history of England
Is summed up in the famous headline
Of the London *Times:*—
TERRIBLE GALE IN THE CHANNEL
CONTINENT ISOLATED

A Ray of Sunshine

Sociologists need not gloom
About Machine Civilization.
Man still personalizes
His great engines.
See the huge red truck delivering groceries
At the branch of the A & P—
On a gilded crossbar
In front of the radiator
Is painted the monster's pet name,
BUDDY.

Man is still an instinctive poet.

Oh Happy Horse

The horse is coming back
Because he'll be needed
To dress the brewer's wagons.

How handsome they were,
Big white geldings with red plumes
Standing outside the new barroom
In Rockefeller City.
Mr. Rockefeller, perhaps,
Was reading Luke 19, 41
Or remembering Isaiah's doom
On "all that make sluices
And ponds for fish."

But as Cleopatra said, Oh happy horse
That bears the weight of Trommer.

Emperor on an Island

I choose my games of solitaire
(Said the Old Mandarin)
For the oddity of their names
And their eschatological suggestions.
Best I like *Napoleon at St. Helena,*
"Supposedly," says Paul Kearney,*
"Invented for Bonaparte
During his days of exile."
Is not every mind
Napoleon at St. Helena?

Blue Jeans

"Each observation," said the scientist
(Jeans, in sombre vein,)
"Destroys the bit of the universe observed."
True. Life proceeds by continuous extinction.
Coming and Going are born twins,
And Consciousness is an embrace of opposites
That cancel and expire.
As the novelist once said
With singular wisdom:
If I had two friends called Food and Hunger
I'd never introduce them
To each other.

Odious Comparison

An editor was flattered to receive
An invitation to lecture
In a distant city.
"We could not pay more than $100,"
Wrote the Committee,
"If it were Shakespeare himself."

But my overhead, brooded the editor,
Is much bigger than Shakespeare's.

Change of Face

I sometimes remember
The late-drowsing gentleman in pyjamas
Who put his head out of a window
At the Hotel Webster
When he heard fire-engines on 45th Street.
Idly curious he surveyed the scene
Until he became aware
That the blaze was in the flue of the Harvard Club
Against the wall of his own room.

When he realized
That the affair might concern *him*
How his face changed.

Spider Boy

One midnight, lying on the couch,
I saw a spider, with patient skill
Hoisting a succulent beetle
(Much bigger than himself)
Up to the underside of a chair.
He lashed it with silken rigging
Then paused to consider.

There is much thoughtful booty
That I also have made fast
With gossamer block and tackle
But would not dream of printing.
Ink is a poison for truth.

The Difference

I shall never know the hope and obsession
Of the man who chants *Love's Old Sweet Song*
Underneath the apartment windows
While I am trying to work.
There is only one possible explanation
For his perseverance.
It must sound very different
To him.

* See Kearney: 50 *Games of Solitaire,* at all bookshops.

Bootlegger Into Connoisseur

A correspondent sends me the following interesting Apologia. It is from a Wine Merchant in a New England city.

Sir:—I am, temporarily, a bootlegger. "Bootlegger" is not a pretty term. I dislike it heartily. And I dislike bootlegging itself. Perhaps some day it will have the glamor of old-time smuggling and piracy. Bootleggers may then have a place in the literature of romance along with the D'Artagnans and the Robin Hoods as knights of adventure. But the present estate of "legging" is shoddy and malodorous, and I am nowise prideful at being a part of it.

But I have an idea and I have a plan. Before I tell you of these may I tell you a little about myself—as evidence that my plan has a firm footing? I am a native New Englander. My home town is Boston. I was graduated from the Phillips Exeter Academy, was a year at Harvard, and then went abroad for further study and travel. I studied at Oxford University, and at the Sorbonne, Paris. I planned to remain abroad only three or four years but remained over 25. After leaving Oxford I had to rough it several months, living on a few pennies a day, and often sleeping in parks. But after my first job, that of an ordinary laborer, I moved very fast, quickly climbing to executive positions of major importance. Then for 15 years I was in business for myself. As I was an expert in my field, and gave my clients valuable services, I made big money. But after the World War, and in common with thousands of others, I was hard hit by the depression. After fighting hard for five years against heavy odds I returned to the United States, then at the peak of its prosperity. Today I am definitely poor, though far from broke or even hard up. From the wreckage of my affairs abroad I salvaged and conservatively invested a few thousand dollars. It will ensure me a roof and enough to eat as long as I live, no matter what comes. But of course I want much more than that. To get it I must use my head as well as hustle. I can do both, and am doing them, as this document will try to show. As a Yankee with a fairly stiff backbone I am not content to squawk and quit just because Fortune has given me a licking.

My experiences during the first three years after my return have no bearing on my present subject. But about three years back I took up the sale of wine grape juices and non-alcoholic cordials, the sale of these products being entirely lawful. During the second year I was vice-president in charge of sales of a leading company. This past year I have had my own business, acting as distributor of the products of a famous vineyard in California, and of a fine line of cordials from Bordeaux. I have done well, though I have not made a fortune. My reason for entering this field was that I saw in it an opportunity to capitalize some special knowledge I had acquired abroad. Let me explain a little. When I made good money I spent it freely. I lived well—had the best foods, the best beverages. And having a pretty good palate I enjoyed them more as a gourmet than as a gourmand. I was never, except somewhat in my student days, a drinker of the whoopee type. For one thing, the exacting nature of my work did not admit of heavy drinking. For another, heavy drinking did not appeal to me. I preferred to drink little and with discrimination rather than immoderately and without finesse. My attitude towards wines and liquors is that of most Europeans and most thinking Americans. I dislike extremes, whether in the form of quixotic "dryism," or in the form of sopping carousals—though I do think that most people, including myself, are all the better for an occasional "buster." Good foods and good beverages should be regarded as concomitants of general good living, not as warrants for gluttony or sottishness on the one hand, nor as the offspring of the devil on the other. Mostly, my interest in fine foods and beverages was physical, material. But largely it was also aesthetic and intellectual. And by degrees it became a fascinating hobby.

So much for my general background. Now let us return for a moment to the gentle art of bootlegging. The sun of the bootlegger, as bootlegger, has nearly set. He has been of service to us, and though his motives were not altruistic we owe him gratitude. But he was born of special needs, and when those needs shall have passed, with the death of Prohibition, his value will cease. No doubt some bootleggers will link up with the legal sale of liquor after repeal. But unless liquors are too heavily taxed most of them will quit. The majority have only a shallow knowledge of the products they are selling. They know how to get illicit goods and pass them on to consumers. Most of them can tell a very good product from a very bad one, though even here their ability is tenuous. And when it comes to expert knowledge or finely discriminating judgment, they are lost. Coming from all sorts of activities having no direct kinship with wines and liquors, having embarked upon bootlegging with the sole motive of making quick and easy profits, they lack the background for being more than humdrum caterers. I am not speaking of them patronizingly nor with prejudice, but merely to focus and point a truth. And that truth is this, that very soon we shall be buying our alcoholic beverages differently. Soon we shall buy them again in the manner of legitimate business—as we buy insurance or jewels or automobiles. And we shall buy them of vendors who will be able to give us, if we need and ask it, competent expert counsel.

So exit the Bootlegger. Even the word will soon sound antique. Enter, let's hope, the honest Connoisseur. We are going to read again Mr. Warner Allen's *The Romance of Wine* (published by E. P. Dutton a year ago) and look forward to the future.

Christopher Morley.

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Back to Fairyland

TWO BLACK SHEEP. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. Boynton

THIS romancer once published a book of tales under the title "Stories of Love, Courage, and Compassion." Faith, honor, and sacrifice might have been listed also, for he believes in the old-fashioned virtues and does very well with them. So of course does his great audience. For the strangest fallacy cherished by the sophisticate minority is that the man in the street (or "petty bourgeois") has been or soon will be laughed out of his belief in fairies. The popular novelists and playwrights know better, or rather share his faith; you cannot produce a sentimental best-seller with your tongue in your cheek. Warwick Deeping honestly clings to the urges and fetishes and inhibitions of "Victorianism," and thereby endears himself to a vast constituency.

He began, we recall, as a concocter of somewhat high-colored and hectic "historical romances." Later he succeeded in adapting his romantic formula to the scene and furniture of the modern world, that is, the Victorian nineteenth century world. Perhaps he never feels quite at home beyond the decades once mildly ruled over by Walter Besant and William Black. "Two Black Sheep" is supposed to be a tale of our time. Vane, the hero, comes out of the war a captain, deliberately murders his wife's seducer, and fifteen years later steps from prison into a strange London. His problem is not of employment, for he has plenty of money, and an Englishman with plenty of money does not worry about a job. But what is he to do with his leisure in a world that has forgotten him, or might better have forgotten him? A friend pities him, a relative condescends, but neither gets over the barrier of the past. Then he meets a girl, no longer young, neither brilliant nor beautiful, a person almost as lonely and bewildered as himself. His protective instinct is stirred, but he feels unworthy, and withdraws from the threshold of love.

He leaves England, meaning to live permanently in a Europe at least unpeopled by ghosts. There presently fate brings him and the girl together, and their romance moves slowly to a happy ending.

On its chosen plane the performance is consistent and effective. It avoids the slough of emotionalism into which some of the author's earlier novels have bogged down. The style is less sultry and the action less sticky. The tale remains old-fashioned and romantic in its main course. Old ghosts whisper through its pages; Cinderella, the Beast, the Prince disguised; Griselda, the wicked enchantress, and the lost child. Under what other guidance, indeed, shall we revisit fairyland?

Gentile in Palestine

BESIDE GALILEE. By Hector Bolitho. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Meyer Levin

MR. BOLITHO begins: "For the most part this book is an unfinished diary of a Gentile, struggling against his inherited dislike of the Jews while travelling among them in Palestine. The dislike goes back into the dim, unreasonable decisions of childhood. . . ." He never conquers the bogey-man, though he does come to feel admiration for the hearty Jewish farmers in new Palestine.

His soul was sorely troubled by the social, religious, and political break-up that is taking place in that core of humanity, where one feels that the atom of human worth is being blasted into new, strange combinations. Living in a little garden of Eden on the shore of the sea of Galilee, he felt the mystical reverberations that are the result partly of the intense beauty of the country, and partly of Christian associations of scene and parable. But he could see the issue only in blood: "The hideous nightmare of Zionism comes with the recollection that they are buying their land instead of fighting for it. And no great nation has ever bought its earth."

This sickening evidence of an atavistic attitude in an enlightened Englishman is confirmed when he repeats, twice, the utterly unfounded and malicious gossip of some Arabs to the effect that Jewish settlers "hid upstairs" during the race riots of 1929, leaving their women downstairs in the hope that the Arabs would satisfy their lust, and go away. True, he adds that there were also instances of Jewish heroism in the riots. But the mere repetition without denial of such stories is revolting enough to an eye-witness of those events.

In the midst of poetic rhapsody over goat-herds piping away at the same melody while generations and civilizations fade into dust, Mr. Bolitho worries about the hatred between Jews and Arabs. "The intelligent leaders and the farmers may be free from it, but in the rank and file of the Jews it is rampant." . . . "When his temper is roused, the Arab's action is fiendish. He will commit murder and rape with a passion which is horrible. But he does not harbour his hatred so that it poisons his mind. He enjoys it, as caviare. To the Jew, enmity is daily bread." That persistent bogey-man!

And after all, when he was going through Germany a year later on his way back to Palestine, he found himself urging a Jewish townsman to "follow him to Palestine and join the great army of Zionists!"

* *

Meyer Levin is the author of "Jehuda," a tale of Palestine and Zionism.

Triple Personality

PERSONS ONE AND THREE. By Shepherd Ivory Franz. New York: Whittlesey House. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

FROM the days of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the alternating or divided personality has held the stage. The psychological version, such as Dr. Bruce's case of "Miss Beauchamp" has also served as a model for drama, with or without a Freudian implication. In amnesias and the ports of missing men, news and psychology again met. These cases provide fitful but intriguing glimpses into the sources of personality.

One order of clue lies in the shifting conflicts of personality in the making, with no one yet established in sovereignty. Mostly under hysterical vicissitudes, many a storm and stress self like "Miss Beauchamp" roams at sea before reaching port. The vagrant psychopathic personality furnishes another variant of the double and the alternating life—sometimes twice born, sometimes twice rooted.

The second order is the divided and lost self of disintegration. Shell-shocked from its moorings, disoriented, crippled, confused, and in the extreme bereft; what James—describing the celebrated case of Ansel Bourne, itinerant preacher who, incognito to his original ego, kept a small shop as Mr. Brown—called a shrunken extract of his former self.

Dr. Franz's case is of this order and is distinctive for its long spans of division. It begins in 1929 when "Poultney" was found in a dazed condition by the Los Angeles police, anxious to know who, where, and what he was.

Under psychological prompting and some therapeutic measures, "Poultney" became fused with "John Poulting," alias Charles, who in due course recalled wife and children in Ireland and is on the way home when the story abruptly ends. Said Poultney's record appears in the British War Office, from an original enlistment in 1905 to a mobilization in Dublin in September 1914. His wandering amnesias—the technical name is fugues—are put down as desertions and fraudulent enlistment under another name; none the less he is eventually discharged, wounded and gassed, with a pension, and with four medals for distinguished service.

It was precisely these that puzzled "Poultney," who still cherished them. In coming to in Los Angeles at the age of forty-two, he actually went back to age twenty-seven and the devastating war-episodes which wrecked his mental stability. As a slight habit-detail, he made the motions of replacing the medals in the outside left breast-pocket as if wearing a uniform, while actually in civilian clothes which had no such pocket. There were several and long states of confusion, when 1915 and 1933 tried to meet and each accept the other. A motion-picture performance of "All Quiet on the Western Front" brought our hero out of his seat, in a wild jump on to the stage, shouting to the audience to run to cover.

The final diagnosis is this: that between Personality I, educated in Ireland, and Personality III, disabled in the war, there is a lost Personality II, of whose orientations and wanderings the actual record is slight and the cerebral record not yet restored, said II however, like III, resulting from the psychic shock of 1915.

As Profesor Franz concludes, there are doubtless many more of such cases, less complete and less dramatic, that come back sufficiently to carry on, with no record of their trials and tribulations.

Just Out

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Photo John B. Williams

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The PHŒNIX NEST

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MICHAEL MONAHAN

I REGRET to hear from *Padraic Colum*, in Nice, that *Michael Monahan*, that remarkable literary figure of the American nineties, has had a bad time after an operation. Padraic—while imparting to me the welcome news that he and Mrs. Colum will soon be returning to our shores—sends me the following verses:

A BALLADE WRITTEN OF MICHELMAS DAY AND ADDRESSED TO MICHAEL MONAHAN WHO HAD UNDERGONE AN OPERATION.

'Tis Michaelmas—the daisies stand
On their tough stalks, and high and low,
Mauve, yellow, white, they deck the yards
That were unflowered a while ago.
A stir is in the year again:
The robin-redbreast's roundelay
Is good as any summer song:
Well, Michael, here is to your day!

They feasted well on Michaelmas,
Our fathers, with their roasted goose
And cruiskeen laun upon the board,
The well-filled little whiskey-cruse;
All for Saint Michael's valiancy:
Why he who put the dragon down
Was honored in such hearty way,
I never knew, but it was so:
Well, Michael, here is to your day!

Would you were here to share with us
And bring the feast up to its crown,
Which is communion with the clear
Spirits who have their due renown;
Your humorous, your vehement
Abounding talk would make us say,
"Horace and Shelley known in life!"
Well, Michael, here is to your day!

But though Chirurgiens have you pent
In Hospice, we can have your words
Out of your books, and will take down
Your Joan of Arc for flash of swords,
And vision, prayer and martyrdom.
Your Road to Paris, ardent, gay
As fits Poor Scholar's Pilgrimage—
Well, Michael, here is to your day!

And we will read of places sealed
To reverent memory, and will know
The acres, Horace, that you owned,
The fountain that since long ago
Has made men mind Bandusia:
And Carcassonne is on our way,
And Salamanca's learned halls:
Well, Michael, here is to your day!

Nor shall we fail to follow you
Up to that Pyrennean cave
Where Bernedette saw roses bloom—
A miracle that we with grave
And humble hearts will not disown:
And end amongst that grand array
Of towers that is Saint Michael's Mount:
Well, Michael, here is to your day!

L'ENVOI

Prince of the Heavenly Chivalry,
Help that our Michael get fair play,
And we will hold a Michaelmas
That will indeed be Michael's Day!

HUNGRY FELINES

That, I contend, is a right royal tribute, worthy of the age of *Villon!* I am sorry if you are getting too much poetry in this department, but I can't help it this week, because *Eleanor Glenn Wallis* of Baltimore, Maryland, has sent me so beguiling a cat-poem that I simply must give it space. As you probably know by now, I am unable to resist good cat-poems. I have, and shall always have, a strange fellow-feeling for cats. Perhaps that argues that there is something the matter with me, but I deeply respect their aloofness, and I find their snooty independence appealing:

FISH FOR THE CATS

When kitchen odors assault the nose,
The two little cats relinquish the night;
Their fur is on end and prickling with cold,
Their whiskers frostily white.

At once they begin to cajole the chairs
Or to wheedle the door with their hunger-pains,
And are writhen and lean as a greed for fish
Grips the heart and reins.

On silky haunches they rise erect;
Their trebles shrilly supplicate;
Four furry paws beseech the air,
While balancing tails are straight.

But both are as quiet as graven cats
When the salmon-can is brought at last;
Only their wrinkled, plush noses move
Above the pink repast.

Then each on a cushion dozes and dreams
With twitching paws till the moon is bright,
When, heeding a summons we never hear,
They scurry into the night.

A COLUM AS COLUMNIST

At the beginning of this column I should have mentioned recent advices given me by *Henry Goddard Leach*, editor of *The Forum*. Everyone of sapience knows that *Mary M. Colum*, Padraic Colum's wife, is the best woman critic in America. There is no one in her class. She occupies the same place in this country that *Rebecca West* does in England. To her many friends among writers and editors she is known as "Molly," and the only thing they ever hold against her is that she will continue to get her copy in in her own good time, come Hell or High Water. Mr. Leach tells me that she has now become "a sort of columnist" of *The Forum*, and I congratulate him heartily on his acquisition. Also I am glad that, after a severe illness and a long convalescence abroad, "Molly" Colum is restored to us and will soon be back in this country—to put a little real ginger into literary controversy.

HOUSMAN AND DOCTOR CORBETT

Several years ago a writer in some journal pointed out the likeness of *A. E. Housman's* poem on "the flower of sinner's rue" to a poem of Heine's. The poem, indeed, reads like an adaptation, and probably is. Recently, I myself have been struck by a slighter likeness in one of Housman's "Last Poems" to that famous old seventeenth century poem by *Dr. Corbett*, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. You remember the one from which *Kipling* took the title of one of his most delightful volumes. It begins, "Farewell, Rewards and Fairies," and was originally styled "A proper new Ballad, entitled the Fairies' Farewell, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune." But the Housman poem of which I speak—it is the last poem in his last book—begins:

When lads were home from labor
At Abdon under Clee,
A man would call his neighbor
And both would send for me
And where the light in lances
Across the lawn was laid
There to the dances
I took my flute and played.

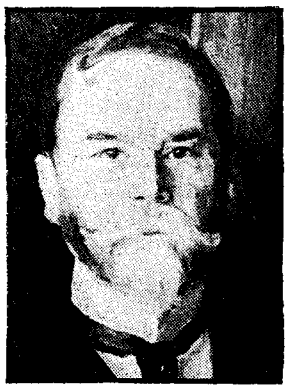
(I am quoting from memory, so probably not precisely.) Now hearken to Bishop Corbett's old stave, the last lines of verse three:

When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis from milking rose,
Then merrily, merrily went their tabor,
And merrily went their toes.

Some memory of this former description of recreation after toil must have been lingering in the subconscious of Housman when he penned his own poem, different as it is. Interesting, too, to note how Bishop Corbett jigs his line in describing the dance, while Housman magically changes his cadence, throwing the emphasis on "There" in the ante-penultimate line, and giving it thereby an almost indescribable lilt—a lilt that makes Bishop Corbett's "merrily, merrily" sound clodhopping.

THE NEW RAFFLES

I am in receipt of "The Return of Raffles" by *Barry Perowne* (a John Day book), being "Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman." The executors of the late *E. W. Hornung* gave permission to Mr. Perowne to carry on with the classic character of Raffles. But all of us old Raffles fans will have to be shown. We are bound to regard this new work with a lynx-like eye. For Hornung is as great to us as Conan Doyle, and our Raffles the peer of Sherlock Holmes. The interesting thing is that Doyle and Hornung were brothers-in-law!



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The New Books

ANNOUNCEMENT

This week *The Saturday Review* inaugurates a new department of brief reviews for novels of adventure and romance. This feature, headed "Over the Counter," appears at the end of The New Books, on page 225.

Fiction

CROSSTOWN. By John Held, Jr. Vanguard Press. 1933. $2.

If David Graham Phillips had used John Held's manner of writing he could have reduced "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise" by a huge number of pages. The trouble with Held's method is that he frequently reduces everything to the bare bones of dialogue and does not select within his dialogue. Consequently people talk very much as they do in real life, which is usually very repetitively and boringly. Also when Mr. Held writes melodrama he does not succeed in clothing it in much to take the curse off it. Occasionally he writes realistically; and then he is quite good.

One sees the framework of Mr. Held's story as rather like the top of the tall building-under-construction in his water-color used as a jacket for the book. Mazie was born on the West Side and moved steadily crosstown to the East River. One of the first scenes is scanning New York from a roof top, and so is one of the last. Having passed through the arms of a number of men, Mazie meets them all again at the end, and believes they do not even recognize her. Having fame and fortune now, she would like to flaunt it in their faces as a revenge, and finds she cannot even do that. It ties the story up neatly, if the fact that they all appeared at her party weren't so highly improbable. But the scaffolding creaks.

Mazie's first sexual experience is being brutally raped by her drunken father. The girl then leaves home, tries to get along, has several other disagreeable experiences and also some rather tender ones, one with a Chinese. She drifts into the chorus and finally becomes a success as an actress. She lives with a press-agent who becomes a vastly popular novelist over night and then loses all his money. She then meets a young man of good family who really loves her. Curtain.

This is a story that has many variants—all making it more or less the same thing—in real life. Newspaper reporters know how many of such stories are constantly going on. In the old days, Norris or Phillips or Dreiser would have built Mazie's story into a much larger structure more solid with detail—though it would have been the same story. Today—our staccato day—John Held, Jr. seems to dispose of the matter in a week's writing, and gets Mary Petropolis from Hell's Kitchen to Sutton Place in a veritable jiffy. The talkies will probably buy the book. It's like a good many pictures they've made. One criticism that occurs to me is that John Held, Jr. is supposed to be pretty good at writing about dogs, and yet his writing about the several dogs that appear in this book does not seem to me in the least inspired. If you're going to do the drab realism of the great city as pithily as this, you really ought to be a Stephen Crane. You have to have a transforming touch on your material. Mr. Held has not. He knows his New York, and he is brief—both virtues—but he creates no character that isn't on the silver sheet, and his style is pretty darn pedestrian. W. R. B.

SUSPICION. By Dominique Dunois. Macaulay. 1933. $2.

Love and adultery are dear to the hearts of French novelists, and Madame Dunois, in her fourth translated volume, explores the conventional triangle situation, concentrating on one of its more unpleasant manifestations: physical jealousy. As an additional sop to the desire for novelty, in this instance the apex of the triangle does not exist.

Gerard conceives a morbid jealousy of his bride's love for her father; he attempts to break up the relationship, but so deeply ingrained is his neurosis that every attempt of Madeleine to alleviate his suspicion only gives him additional food to gorge the green-eyed monster. Her casual acquaintance with a next-door neighbor culminates in his carrying his innocent young wife off to the country, where he keeps her for a time under virtual lock-and-key. Both are tortured, Gerard as much as Madeleine, but the knot becomes more tangled than ever, until in a moment of exhaustion, enervation, and heart-break, Madeleine, recognizing that nothing will satisfy her husband but confirmation of his ineradicable suspicions, gives herself to another man. The situation is resolved!

Madame Dunois has a keen eye for the various psychological angles of her adopted situation and explores them painstakingly if a trifle sentimentally. More interesting than the hackneyed problem posed, is the attitude of Madeleine, a typical virtuous French woman who, bred in the continental concept that a wife must be subservient to her spouse, never for a moment conceives the mad idea of picking up and leaving him. In all, the novel seems cut and dried, the product of intellectual juggling rather than the expression in terms of emotion of a human problem. A. C. B.

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead. 1933. $2.

This mild little tale has all the ingredients prescribed for a conventional romance: a misunderstood heroine, an earnest hero, a weak woman, and a country bumpkin villain. Its background of the Dakota prairies is often described with poetic feeling. Unfortunately, its characters move along this well-done scene with too mechanical a gait for one to know exactly why they are there. It is the tale of a lovely motherless girl, who returns after her father's death to his farm and his sister, falls in love with the land, her aunt, and the latter's married stepson, and struggles not to let Roddy know that she cares for him.

How her conflicts are resolved for her never seem to distress the reader, for there is an air of predictability throughout the book. Everything will surely come out all right for such an abused, noble, and attractive girl; no one will let such an upright young man as Roddy continue with his shallow, flirtatious wife; and doom is written on the forehead of the city slicker who follows the heroine to the farm as soon as he makes his appearance. So it happens. L. Z.

HEAVENS ABOVE! By Oliver Claxton. Day. 1933. $2.

Of course the greatest present exponent of the sort of giddy trifling that goes on in Mr. Claxton's book is Thorne Smith. But then Mr. Smith is always embroiled in legs and lingerie and saying smart naughty things and having people drink a great deal—which, by this time, has rather worn down one particular reader, who now opines that a little T. S. goes a long way. Mr. Claxton, God rest him, is not so hot and bothered about being preciously pornographic. In fact, he's hardly bothered about it at all. He simply slings us a fantasy about what fun you might possibly have after you were dead if you could escape boredom—that is, if you were Charles Dewclark and ran up against such a pal as Duffy and flitted about your old haunts watching the troubles people were still getting themselves into. Claxton's is a comforting idea of after-death to us, even if an infinity of boredom is also apparent. And one is left unaware of what happens after you "get In" (presumably into Heaven), as that happens to the principal characters of this story only in the last line of the book. Though we hope Mr. Claxton will write a sequel.

Honesty compels me to report that there are parts of Claxton's satiric fantasy where we found ourself nodding in our chair. It's awfully hard to keep up such fooling for a stretch of pages. The book teaches one nothing profound, nor does it claim to. But its entertainment value is pretty good, about 80%. It certainly may be said rather to encourage murder and suicide, but that is only if you could bring yourself actually to believe that what Mr. Claxton says of the future life is absolutely bona-fide. Of course, it is only a stage-set for purposes of fiction; though he handles his curved space cleverly. W. R. B.

BARE LIVING. By Elmer Davis and Guy Holt. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

At the rate the world is moving, it appears (and one may hope) that in a very few years' time it will be impossible to get any humor from the situation of a young man who happens to find himself naked with a naked girl; for we shall very likely be so accustomed to the idea of nakedness that any embarrassment on account of it will be as far-fetched as we now find the exaggerated horror of one of Mrs. Rinehart's heroes of a few years ago, who was surprised by Tish living the life of primitive man, in the anachronistic, and to us hopelessly respectable, garb of swimming trunks. At present, however, it is undeniable that the nudist movement is as funny or shocking, according to taste, as was the first umbrella, and nakedness can be made as funny to us as trousers were to the Greeks (see Aristophanes in numerous passages on the subject of the Persians, who wore them). A few enterprising authors are making fun of nudism while the sun shines, and when it is such good fun as "Bare Living" they deserve the gratitude of the reading public.

For "Bare Living" is a genuinely entertaining light novel, and that is one of the hardest things in the world to find. The central group of characters—a painfully virtuous and well-bred New Englander, infatuated with a fast girl, and a true-hearted heroine, who tries to make him see what is really for his good by means of cryptic wisecracks (like the Fool in "Lear")—and even the main outline of the story, in which the fast girl involves the hero in a series of adventures which knock some of the New England out of

(*Continued on page* 224)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
IN THE FIRST DEGREE *Roger Scarlett* (Crime Club: $2)	Inspector Kane stands by while murder is committed under his nose in dingy but wealthy Boston family.	You'll never guess who did it and you must finish the book. Hint: Don't forget the window-sign and the mop.	Mystifyin'
FAST ONE *Paul Cain* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Pacific Coast gangster yarn in which all the characters are either shot or half-shot.	The hardest-boiled yarn of a decade. So h.-b. it gets funny. But it moves like a machine-gun.	Zowie!
THE MASTER MURDERER *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Four in family perish in one night and survivors casually call up Fleming Stone.	Graphology, "Mercy Deaths," and perfect alibis all mixed up in footless sort of jumble.	Dull
THE DEVILS DEN *Lawrence Saunders* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	Artist murdered on Conn. estate after torrid party. Nels Lundberg and Wylie King spot killer.	Carryings-on of drunken "sophisticates" more interesting than detection. Very well written with clever conclusion.	Above average
THE RETURN OF RAFFLES *Barry Perowne* (John Day: $2.)	Raffles and Bunny, resuscitated by permission of E. W. Hornung's executors, match wits with "Black Bats" gang.	The names are the same, and they get into enough tight places, but the ancient glamour hath departed.	Fair
FU MANCHU'S BRIDE *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Ageless Chinaman sets up plague factory on Riviera with trick doors and death rays. Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Alan Sterling save us from purple shadow.	Too elaborate and unconvincing to really give you the jimjams, but you'll read it through to find out what happens to the sunburned girl.	A Rohmer aroma

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"OF MENTES FUL"

WE have been in pursuit of the elusive, or the pervasive, mint for *H. M. of Washington, D. C.*, who has a young friend who wants references to the fragrant herb for an article he is preparing on "Mint in Literature." We take it the young man (or, for all we know, it may be a young girl who lives behind H. M.'s title of friend) wants allusions to the plant and not to its decoctions, convivial or medicinal, so we omit all mention of chivalrous Southern colonels and long glasses with ice tinkling in their clear green fluid, and of tablets against indigestion, or of penny-royal, that potent oil so effective against mosquitoes, and we make no reference to the lyrics with which spearmint and peppermint enliven the streetcars of America. Mint, we have discovered, is one of the most widespread of herbs, growing in profusion through all parts of the temperate world. And, "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice would have said, mice have a great averson to it; a few leaves of it are said to keep them at a distance. Its name is derived from the nymph, Minthe, a favorite of Pluto's, whose wife Proserpine metamorphosed the maiden into an herb out of jealousy. Ovid makes reference to this event in his lines

Could Plato's Queen with jealous fury storm
And Minthe to a fragrant herb transform?

There's reference to mint in the New Testament, in Matthew, XXIII, 23, "Woe unto you . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin," and almost as familiar are Shakespeare's lines from LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST: "'I am that flower.'—That mint.—That columbine." It is in THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE that Chaucer's lovely passage appears:

Tho wente I forth on my right hond
Doun by a litel path I fond
Of mentes ful, and fenelgrene;

Barnes, the author of a poem entitled PARTHENOPHIL ODE, written about 1593, placed mint in delightful company:

Fragrant violets, and sweet mynthe,
Matched with purple hyacinth.

We haven't the slightest doubt that longer application would unearth a vast number of references for H. M.'s friend, but we've had to make a hasty garnering lest by delaying too long we send in our information too late for it to be of use to him. We know where he could undoubtedly get much fascinating material, however, and even without asking her we give the name of its possessor. Mrs. Marion Parris Smith of Bryn Mawr, Pa., has a varied collection of old herbals on her bookshelves and an enormous amount of information about the literature of plants tucked away in her mind. We'll write to her for more references if H. M. wants us to do so.

A "SCIENCE" OF NUMBERS

We (or rather our Alter Ego, Ruth Flint) have been scouring the town for information for *J. J. of New York City*, who wants to know who is responsible for Numerology—both the name and the device. "The word," J. J. writes, "is of so recent an origin that it is included only in the latest dictionary." Well, our investigations seem to show that it is in large part the creation of Clifford W. Cheasley, who, in a pamphlet entitled CHEASLEY'S NUMEROLOGY AT A GLANCE, defines his science as "a system of numbers for measuring the vibration of the letters of the alphabet, so that human personality, desire, thought, action, and experience may be easily understood in accurate mathematical values." When Mr. Cheasley came to America from London in 1913, Numerology, "as a practical phase of modern psychology," was, he says, virtually unknown. According to his statement he is recognized as the creator of the consistent method of Practical Numerology. He gives credit, however, in the structure of his science to Mrs. L. Dow Balliett for the calculation of the vowels in names; to Dr. Julia Seton for the calculation of the consonants, and the laws of "Similars," "Complementaries," "Opposites," and to Artie Mae Blackburn and Valyre Judy for the value of the vowels in the first names.

We've discovered from Mr. Cheasley's pamphlet into which we hurriedly dipped that we are in our Second Cycle, and that "it is time to listen rather than to talk." That being so, the rest is silence, at least so far as J. J.'s query is concerned. We'll send him a clipping of a discussion which once appeared in *The Saturday Review* on the origin of the word "Ouija," about which he inquires.

DAYS THE WORLD CELEBRATES

What with chess and golf one week, and herbs and Numerology the next, we feel that the ramifications of literature are many. We'll play on the fringes of it a little longer by taking up next the request of *M. C. C. of Philadelphia, Pa.*, for books in reference to holidays peculiar to certain countries. We think M. C. C. will find what she wants in Edward M. Deem's HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS (Funk & Wagnalls), a treasury of material relating to the *festas* of all nations. Mary E. Hazeltine's ANNIVERSARIES AND HOLIDAYS (American Library Association) contains a calendar of days and instructions for observing them, lists of books about holidays, advice on program making, clippings, pamphlets, pictures, etc., and a classified and general index. Harry S. Stuff's THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS, published by the *Times-Mirror* Company of Los Angeles, covers the "what, when, where, and why" of holidays. That is to say it gives discussion as to their sources, and the customs that attach to them, and considerable chronological data.

THE MODERN NOVEL

And now we're back at literature again with the inquiry of *M. F. of New Britain, Conn.* for material for a talk on the modern novel. She is to make an address before a business girls' league, and she wants it to be "short, snappy, and interesting." The snappiness she'll have to put into it herself for most of our writers on the novel treat their subject with high respect and approach it from a critical rather than an expository angle. She'll find excellent source books for her lecture, however, in such works as Carl Van Doren's THE AMERICAN NOVEL and his CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS (Macmillan), in THE NOVEL OF TOMORROW AND THE SCOPE OF FICTION (Bobbs-Merrill), a volume to which twelve American novelists have contributed and which originally appeared as a symposium in the *New Republic;* in THE MODERN NOVEL (Knopf), by Wilson Follett, and Elizabeth Drew's THE MODERN NOVEL (Harcourt, Brace), and in Wilbur Cross's THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL (Macmillan). André Chevalley's THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL analyzes Anglo-Saxon fiction from the point of view of a scholarly Frenchman. In Grant C. Knight's THE NOVEL IN ENGLISH (Long & Smith) selected biobliographies of English and American novels follow each chapter. M. F. will find most enlightening and helpful in her preparation for a discussion of the novel such works as E. M. Forster's ASPECTS OF THE MODERN NOVEL (Harcourt, Brace), Percy Lubbock's THE CRAFT OF FICTION (Scribners), Edith Wharton's THE WRITING OF FICTION, and C. E. Montague's A WRITER'S NOTES ON HIS CRAFT (Doubleday, Doran). The late Stuart P. Sherman's ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE (Holt) contains analyses of modern novelists by one of the most brilliant critics of recent years. As a sort of backbone to the general study of the novel the indispensable works are, of course, THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE and THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. The many volumes in the original edition contain excellent bibliographies which have been omitted from the cheaper edition of the AMERICAN LITERATURE just issued.

A FRIEND INDEED

We feel like Miss Betsy in David Copperfield who took such solid satisfaction in "being set right" by Mr. Dick. We feel like her because we too are relieved to have someone come to the rescue when we are at sea. Mr. Geoffrey Gomme, of Edgar H. Wells & Co., writes in to supplement our recent reply to *F. W. B. of Hartford, Conn.*, with the statement that T. E. Lawrence is co-author with C. L. Woolley of two volumes on archæology, one a report, with a chapter on the Greek inscription by M. N. Tod, entitled THE WILDERNESS OF ZIN (London: Palestine Exploration Foundation, No. 3), and the other, CARCHEMISH, a report of excavations conducted by Woolley and Lawrence, published by the British Museum.

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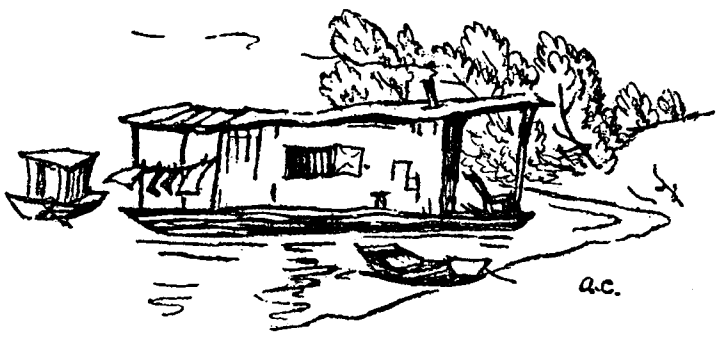

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by BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Illustrated by *Alice Caddy*

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OVER THE COUNTER

Are you literary with a capital L or do you sometimes break down and read with no particular purpose other than a desire for inconsequential entertainment? Many of us admit liking detective stories and look to THE CRIMINAL RECORD (page 222 this week) for clues to the good ones.

Beginning in this issue (page 225) you will find a new and convenient guide to the light novels of romance and adventure, western stories, etc., which enjoy such a popular sale that we call our chart OVER THE COUNTER. You will find it of practical value when you go into your bookshop or rental library.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

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Children's Bookshelf

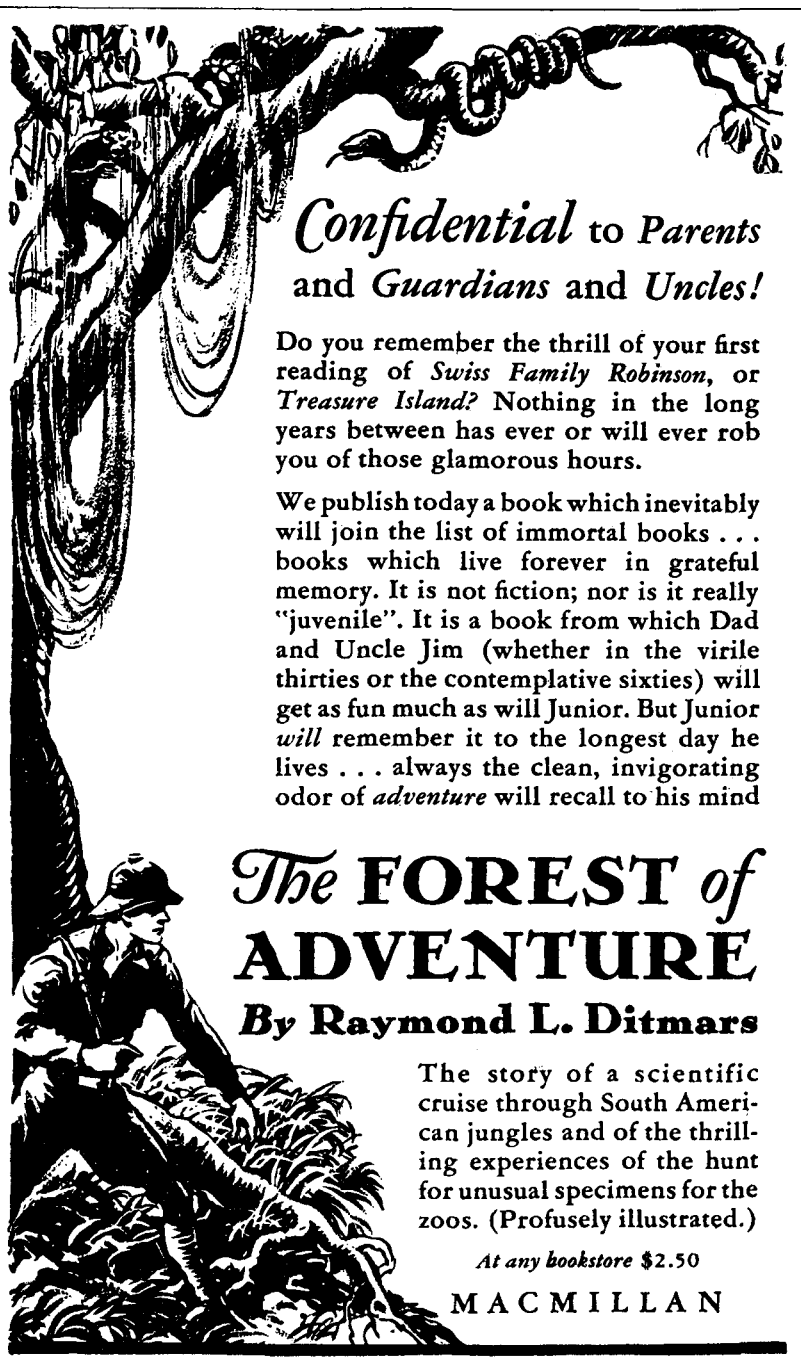
By KATHERINE ULRICH

WHO would have thought that Walt Disney's (plus the baby's) "Three Little Pigs" would introduce grown-ups to their favorite 1933 theme song; that graybeards and small fry would chant with equal glee, "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" Well, it just goes to show that: (a) more essays on American humor will soon be written; (b) youth no longer holds a big monopoly on the question mark; (c) a solid foundation of answered, answerable questions may save a lot of asking later.

M. Ilin, the author of NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER, BLACK ON WHITE, WHAT TIME IS IT? contributes this fall, 100,000 WHYS, a Trip Around the Room (Lippincott: $1.50). Any casual parent might well tremble at the notion of so many "whys" in a seemingly ordinary room. But Mr. Ilin moves from sink to stove to china closet to wardrobe, etc., to reveal to a child's curious mind the background of everyday living—why we drink water, why we eat cooked instead of raw potatoes, what and how our ancestors ate, why clothes keep us warm, and the like. Both author and illustrator, artist N. Lapshin, make the material clear and bright, but the book smacks too strongly of school room "fun" to be a success with American children. Yet Mr. Ilin knows, as few writers do, how to shape facts into a lively adventure: witness his two excellent books, BLACK ON WHITE, the story of books, and WHAT TIME IS IT?, the story of clocks (Lippincott: $1.50 each).

To go back to where life began, THE STORY OF EARTH AND SKY is told by Carleton and Helwig Washington in collaboration with Fredrick Rud (Century, $3.50). Mr. Washington is Superintendent of the renowned Winnetka Schools and Mr. Rud, Supervisor of Elementary Science in the same schools. Their stories about the universe have withstood the acid classroom test. MAN'S LONG CLIMB, by Marion Lansing with many illustrations by F. H. Horvath (Little, Brown: $1.75), pictures, for the most part, in easy narrative form, the gradual growth of knowledge in the human race. Very informal and readable is Stephen King-Hall's A CHILD'S STORY OF CIVILIZATION (Morrow) which appears this fall as a dollar reprint. It is the worthy intent of the author "to teach a child to regard all aspects of knowledge as being part of a whole . . . and to realize that the present is rooted in the past."

The publishers state on the jacket of THE JUNIOR OUTLINE OF HISTORY, written by I. O. Evans with the permission of H. G. Wells (Appleton: $2), that it is a long-awaited counterpart for boys and girls of the famous "Outline." Our wager is that boys and girls who happen upon the library shelf which holds the original Wells will gloat over their "discovery" while the well intended junior version (Merry Christmas from Aunt Mary) gathers dust in the play room.



Confidential to *Parents* and *Guardians* and *Uncles!*

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We publish today a book which inevitably will join the list of immortal books . . . books which live forever in grateful memory. It is not fiction; nor is it really "juvenile". It is a book from which Dad and Uncle Jim (whether in the virile thirties or the contemplative sixties) will get as fun much as will Junior. But Junior *will* remember it to the longest day he lives . . . always the clean, invigorating odor of *adventure* will recall to his mind

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BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

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ANTHONY ADVERSE

ERRATUM

Our last Bookshelf spoke enthusiastically about POWDER, THE STORY OF A COLT, A DUCHESS AND THE CIRCUS (Smith and Haas: $2), which, due to the printer's unfortunate misunderstanding, appeared as PONDER—another breed of horses, most certainly.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 222*)

him, and from which he emerges no longer in love with her—are it must be admitted built on a reliable formula; but in a book of this kind the only thing that matters is what is made of the formula; and "Bare Living" makes a great deal. The wise cracks are really amusing, and the characters are really sympathetic. And the farcical situations, which involve the missing evidence in a stock market swindle, two fights, a hold-up, and the financial trials of the promoter of the nudist colony, who is trying to Organize Nudism Under the Blue Eagle, are funny from the first, and get faster and funnier as the book goes on. It is an absurd, lighthearted, and pleasant book. B. D.

JULIAN GRANT LOSES HIS WAY. By Claude Houghton. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.50.

Mr. Claude Houghton is certainly one of the most interesting of English postwar novelists. He has the sovereign quality of imagination; each of his books embodies an authentic idea in original dramatic—sometimes almost melodramatic—projection. Each b e t r a y s metaphysical awareness, and each has real social awareness. His writings are of his day, though they bear simultaneously a more universal, and perhaps thereby a more permanent reference.

His reputation has increased with every novel he has published. This is the seventh, and if it does not stand higher than his previous best (though some would say so) it stands beside them. It is the story of a man's life, his essential mental and emotional development, set in the frame of an after-life, his home-coming in heaven—or is it hell? Julian Grant took the first step from "his way" when he swept a girl out of his life to her disregarded death. Not of course that Mr. Houghton would have had him tread any flatly moralistic path—he flies at higher game than that! Julian's fault was that, like the modern world, he let his head, his intellectual curiosities, his selfish desires, rule his heart, draining his life of the color and sweetness of love, until, having exhausted all the possibilities of novelty in experience, existence became to him barren and terrible. He is a figure who sweeps a Dostoievskian scope on a rather less than Dostoievskian scale; he is more brain than flesh and blood. But Mr. Houghton is genuinely attempting something too seldom attempted in current literature, a tackling of spiritual problems in imaginative terms.

G. W.

FROM AN OZARK HOLLER. Stories of the Ozark Mountain Folk. By Vance Randolph. Vanguard. 1933. $2.

Mr. Vance Randolph is an acknowledged authority on the Ozark mountaineers, and a most competent writer besides. Therefore this book will be eagerly taken up by those who like good writing, and care for the more ancient regional cultures of the States. Here Mr. Randolph has collected twenty-two stories, or perhaps one should say tales. Several of these have appeared in *Folk-Say* and in the *American Mercury,* but by no means all. They are, however, of the sort which belongs to those periodicals—racy, authentic, and overlooking few opportunities in the tradition of Boccaccio. They are presented with copious use of the Ozark dialect, and have a ring of reality about them lacking to the work of other artists in this kind. The "furriners" come into the picture also, and though there is not much poetry in the book, there is abundant convincing detail. The stories read as though their author were a wise and observant, and somewhat salacious old man. But perhaps, in the mountains, youth is abbreviated, as in all pioneer societies, and a man becomes salacious before his time. It is a grotesque fate which has befallen the mountaineers—to be pioneers shelved in the middle of a roaring industrial society. Mr. Randolph has adopted the only manner suited to such folk of a played-out culture. He has brought forward every type of mountaineer without omitting any age, sex, or variety.

The tales are also of every variety within their kind: tragic, ironic, comic, sordid, farcial, and salty. The author has been true to the general spirit of the hill people, scrupulously accurate in matters of folk-lore, and inspired by a zest and gusto all too rare in our daily ration of fiction. The book is admirably illustrated with woodcuts by Richard A. Loederer.

S. V.

TO A GOD UNKNOWN. By John Steinbeck. Robert O. Ballou. 1933. $2.

A novel such as this one prompts us to speculate as to how much there is really left in the pantheistic view of the world for writers in twentieth century America. Steinbeck's is not the only novel dedicated "to a god unknown." His is unusual, and curious, because it serves to evoke, not one god, but a great many—almost every mysterious power, one is tempted to say, from Pan to the Freudian Unconscious.

"To a God Unknown" is a mystical and symbolical tale. Its characters worship nature, fear certain stones, offer sacrifices to trees, talk to the spirits of their fathers, suffer defeat and death at the hands of mysterious powers, and in general show their dependence upon an unseen Will. The fact that the characters are given American names and a New England ancestry (the story is laid in California a hundred years ago) does not alter its essential nature. The difficulty is that the particular gods the author is striving to evoke are not given names or their images even approximate outlines.

Joseph Wayne migrated to California from a New England farm, settled on a piece of land in the valley of "Nuestra Sonora," and brought his family to form a colony. Soon after Joseph's arrival, his father's spirit—so Joseph believes—enters a large tree under which his house is built. Joseph turns to the tree for inspiration and guidance, talks to it and offers sacrifices to it.

A stone in a nearby grove he also feels to have a mysterious power. From it rushes a stream—the last to dry up when drought strikes and the homestead is deserted. On this rock Joseph's wife falls and is killed, and here he ends his own life. "I am the land, and I am the rain." He has always felt himself to be the source of all life on the farm. And, sure enough, the rain pelts down just as he expires, to make the land fertile again.

The book is full of worship—worship of the sun, the land, nature, the sexual act. And yet, curiously enough, it is almost entirely without religious feeling. It does paint a fairly interesting and (apparently) accurate picture of the region and the life of the times. Steinbeck can do the *genre* novel if he tries. We hope he can find a more stable and definite principle upon which to build his next novel.

C. S.

International

THE NEW RUSSIA. Edited by Jerome Davis. Day. 1933. $2.50.

The inquiring professor, eager to discover the status of his particular specialty in the Soviet Union, bulks large among the few thousand American tourists who now visit Russia every summer. The present volume, which is a symposium, with twelve contributors, gives a fair cross-section of the viewpoint of the academic visitor with a tendency to be sympathetic toward the new Soviet order.

Professor Jerome Davis, the editor of the book, writes the chapters on American-Soviet relations and on the Commu-

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

LADIES and Gentlemen who enjoy lectures, bridge, or other card games, dancing, write for information concerning membership in The Culture Circle, 507—5th Ave. R. 906.

FOR SALE: Old established, profitable, book, stationery, gift, toy and novelty business. Located up state. Requires about $10,000. Box 261.

VACANCY in select college prep near New York City for English department head, male, unmarried, in exchange for room, board, laundry. No salary. Send credentials immediately. Box R.

43, SINGLE male, Thousand Islands, interested in Nature, Philosophy and first causes generally, wants to correspond with either sex who have made glad acquaintance with the works of D. H. Lawrence previous to the publication of Lady Chatterley's Lover. Box 289.

WRITER wants to meet another for mutual criticism and discussion. N. F.

AIR-LINE Pilot in Southern California, thirty-four, philosophic student who doesn't follow the mob in thought or action, is looking for a healthy thoughtful young lady who has had to earn her own way, who doesn't smoke, drink, or gossip, who likes the outdoors, babies, creative cooking, and the idea that two heads are better than one in the earnest pursuit of lasting happiness. Reply in handwriting including picture if possible. "Californio."

GENTILE Professor desires acquaintance with educated Jewess, informed on anthropology and Jewish history. Box 274.

COLLEGE graduate, broke, with nervous fear of girls, wants painless, inexpensive cure. "Introvert."

SIAMESE male kittens, healthy, fat, accustomed to literary environment. Pedigreed. $20. Phone: ENdicott 2-0595.

WIDOW, forty but not dangerous, suffering from enforced stay-at-homeness due to depression hit income, desires to relieve monotony by correspondence with gentleman interested in travel and good literature. Mrs. Philadelphia.

ATTRACTIVE Printer's Devil living ten miles from Grand Central would like conversations and dinners (which she would cook) with young man. Special interests: typography and dogs. Write care of Saturday Review. Printer's Devil.

BROOKLYN widow, 57, professional: tall, goodlooking brunette would welcome companionship of a Professor or well informed gentleman, who loves books, music and the drama. Mary W.

IS THERE a young woman in Philadelphia or Southeastern Pennsylvania, educated, natural, unsophisticated, who prefers refinement to excitement, Beethoven to Bing Crosby and cares for a sensible conversation? Single Gentleman, 35, born and educated in Europe, much-traveled, American Citizen, very lonesome, would feel happy to make her acquaintance. Please address: Vincit.

WIDOW—French, "sympathique," wishes to correspond with French gentleman (not so young) or with American who loves France. Must like the finer things in life, but need not be too sedate! Reine.

nist Party and the Government. He makes a vigorous plea for American recognition of the Soviet régime and declares that all the other contributors to the volume are also in sympathy with this step. Among the other contributors are the psychiatrist, Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, who discusses the psychologic bases of Soviet success, Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale, who contributes one of the best chapters, on Russian economic geography, Professor Newell Sims, of Oberlin, who describes socialist agriculture, Professor Karl Scholz, of the Wharton School, who takes up industry and the second five year plan, and Dr. Susan Kingsbury, of Bryn Mawr, who explains the Soviet institutions and policies in the field of social welfare.

The reader will find in "The New Russia" a good deal of material illustrating some of the elementary facts of Soviet economic and social life, together with the new communist conceptions of industrial, agricultural, and social organization. But it could scarcely be recommended as an outstanding handbook on the subject, because of the somewhat scrappy and disjointed impression which symposiums often convey and because a number of the contributors do not seem especially qualified by training and experience as interpreters of the complicated problems involved in the remolding of Russia.

W. A. C.

Science

THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Viking. 1933. $2.75.

Mr. Sullivan, who is equally informed in music and in physical theory, has here written a brief and unusually lucid account of the present state of the natural sciences. His title indicates his purpose to state what science now discovers that it cannot do and to explain what it has done and may accomplish. With scientific books slopping over into mysticism on the one hand and into a philosophical explanation of everything on the other, this project is particularly useful. His chapters on psychology and biology are good, though routine in nature, but his exposition of the remarkable achievements of physics is the clearest, simplest, and most illuminating explanation for the layman of this difficult subject. H. S. C.

Brief Mention

F. Yeats Brown's *Escape* (Macmillan) seems to have a good idea. It is an anthology of extraordinary escapes in countries all over the world and in many periods. * * * Another book that might be taken away for an autumn holiday is *Retrospect* (Doubleday, $2.50) which is an omnibus of Aldous Huxley's books. * * * A valuable book, this time particularly for reference, is Erich W. Zimmermann's *World Resources and Industries: A Functional Appraisal of the Availability of Agricultural and Industrial Resources* (Harper, $5). This is said to be the first graphic and comprehensive picture of how the world's energy and resources are made available for the uses of mankind.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Past Masters. T. Mann. Knopf. $2.50. *The Courage of Ignorance.* W. L. Phelps. Dut. $1. *A Psychological Approach to Literary Criticism.* N. L. F. Maier and H. W. Reninger. Apple. *The Appreciation of Poetry.* E. G. Moll. Crofts. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Henry Philip Tappan. C. M. Perry. Univ. of Michigan Pr. *New Light on Longfellow.* J. T. Hatfield. Houghton. $2.75. *Erasmus.* C. Hollis. Milwaukee: Bruce. $2.25. *Amelia Anderson Opie.* M. E. Macgregor. Northampton, Mass.: Smith College.

FICTION

Fast One. P. Cain. Doubleday. $2. *In the First Degree.* R. Scarlett. Crime Club. $2. *The Manchu's Bride.* S. Rohmer. Crime Club. $2. *The Mountain Tavern.* A. Chamson. Holt. $2. *A Story Anthology.* Ed. W. Burnett and M. Foley. Vanguard. $2.50. *Jonathan's Daughter.* L. Larrimore. Macrae Smith. $2. *Mischief.* B. A. Williams. Dut. $2. *Impossible Evensen.* E. Kraemmer. Coward. $2. *The Master Murderer.* C. Wells. Lippin. $2. *Heavens Above!* O. Claxton. Day. $2. *After Such Pleasures.* D. Parker. Viking. $2.25. *Nancy Owlett.* E. Phillpotts. Macmil. $2.50. *The Return of Raffles.* B. Perowne. Day. $2. *Great Fortune.* G. W. Gabriel. Doubleday. *The Devil's Den.* L. Saunders. Covici. $2. *There Are Victories.* C. Y. Harrison. Covici. $2.25. *Crosstown.* J. Held, Jr. Vanguard. $2. *Pleasures and Palaces.* F. and G. Warner. Houghton. $1.75. *Steamboat Round the Bend.* B. L. Burman. Farrar. $2. *Hag's Harvest.* J. B. Morton. Doubleday. *Worth Remembering.* R. James. Longmans. $2. *The Tide.* V. Sheean. Doubleday. $2. *Romantic Adventurers.* M. Walsh. Stokes. $2.50. *Forthcoming Marriages.* M. Lutyens. Dut. $2. *The Log of the Betsy Ann.* F. Way, Jr. McBride. $2.75.

INTERNATIONAL

Eight Republics in Search of a Future. R. Forbes. Stokes. $3.

GOVERNMENT

The Third American Revolution. B. T. Landis. Association Press. $1.

HISTORY

Advancing the Frontier. G. Foreman. Univ. of Oklahoma Pr. $4. *The Secession of the Southern States.* G. W. Johnson. Put. $1.50. *The Men of the Renaissance.* R. Roeder. Viking. $5.

JUVENILE

An Elephant Up a Tree. H. W. Van Loon. Simon. $2. *The King's Mule.* D. Akers. Minton, Balch. $2. *Fairy Tales.* K. Capek. Holt. $1.75. *Beast, Bird and Fish.* E. Morrow. Knopf. $1.50. *Wolf Rock.* C. W. Rankin. Holt. $1.75. *Dicket.* J. Abbott. Lippin. $1.75. *Ann's Surprising Summer.* M. H. Allee. Houghton. $1.75.

FOREIGN

Jüdische Erneuerung. A. Döblin. Amsterdam: Querido. *Der Jüdische Krieg.* L. Feuchtwanger. Amsterdam: Querido.

PAMPHLETS

The Influence of Ariosto's Epic and Lyric Poetry on the Work of Amadis Jamyn. A. Cameron. Johns Hopkins Pr. *Oscar Wilde "Drunkard and Swindler."* R. H. Sherard. Calvi, France: Vindex. *Arabic Words in English.* W. Taylor. Oxford Univ. *The Criticism of Poetry.* F. L. Lucas. Oxford Univ. Pr. 40 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

Erasmi Opuscula. Ed. W. K. Ferguson. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. *On the Side of Mercy.* A. D. Menken. Covici. $2. *Hows and Whys of Cooking.* E. G. Halliday and I. T. Noble. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3. *The Fusion of Social Studies in Junior Highschools.* H. E. Wilson. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.50. *My First Baby.* Interne. Macrae-Smith. $2. *Our Present Discontents.* C. Brooks. Holt. $2.75. *Parliamentary Procedure at a Glance.* O. G. Jones. Apple. $1. *The Machine Unchained.* L. Hauslelter. Apple. $3. *Eighteen.* C. A. Miller. New York: Round Table Press. $1.50. *A Sportsman's Second Scrapbook.* J. C. Phillips. Houghton. $4.50. *How Safe Is Life Insurance.* L. Seth Schnitman. Vanguard. $2. *Finding a Job.* R. W. Babson. Renee. $1.50. *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature.* S. Thompson. Bloomington: Indiana University Library. *What We Are and Why.* L. H. Mayers, M.D., and A. D. Welton. Sears. $3. *Motion Pictures and Youth.* W. W. Charters. Macmil. $1.50. *Historical Material.* L. M. Salmon. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Words, Words, Words.* E. Partridge. London: Methuen. *The Emotional Responses of Children to the Motion Picture Situation.* W. S. Dysinger and C. A. Ruckmick. Macmil. $2. *The Oriental Institute.* J. H. Breasted. Univ. of Chicago Pr. *Adventure of Living.* J. B. Ellis. The Bookfellows, 1223 East 53rd Street, Chicago, Ill.

POETRY

Poems. M. de L. Welch. Macmil. $1.25. *Donne's Poetical Works.* Ed. H. J. C. Grierson. Oxford Univ. Pr. *Kubla Khan.* S. Coleridge. Interpreted J. Vassos. Dutton. $3.

RELIGION

God or Man? J. H. Leuba. Holt. $2.75. *The Development of Methodism in the Old Southwest. 1783-1824. And the Life Everlasting.* J. Baillie. Scribners. $2.50.

TRAVEL

Italy on Fifty Dollars. S. A. Clark. McBride. $1.90. *Sheep and Bear Trails.* J. P. Holman. New York: Walters. $3.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
JONATHAN'S DAUGHTER *Lida Larrimore* (Macrae, Smith: $2.)	Romance	Sandy eventually rescues Ann from her devotion to an NG parent.	Standard plus
THE OUTLAW *Max Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	Love, 10%—Courage, 111%—Compassion, 1%.	Usual
COMRADES OF THE STORM *Peter B. Kyne* (Kinsey: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Two Depression victims chisel way from New York park bench to California sunset.	Kyne's better
MEN ARE ONLY HUMAN *Denise Robins* (Macaulay: $2.)	Triangle	Gilfred, his wife, and the irrepressible gal of his past.	Eau de Woolworth
PASSIONATE PURITAN *Alice Ross Colver* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Young Love	After her Galahad returns with another girl's brand, Janet faces the whirling world.	Lollypop

PERSONALS

ARTIST with unusual zest for living, acquired in tropics and abroad, asks if sedate Boston harbors a SIX-FOOT combination of male charm, intelligence and dancing feet, age thirty-five or more. Stimulating comradship wanted to add piquancy to the winter. Box 295.

LADY, 30, literary, wishes to communicate with young man, similar tastes, resident of New Orleans, before Nov. 10. Box 296.

HARMLESS, highly decorous, completely circumspect, and withal timid male youngster of thirty-eight; (but not yet a total loss), residing New York and Chicago, craves stimulating feminine correspondence and companionship. Box 297.

SCHOOLMARM, 45, not unattractive, but lonely for suitable male companionship, desires correspondence with clean cultured man of means who wants a jolly pal. Box 298.

UNMARRIED woman, sincere, adventurous, high ideals, sense of humor, would welcome enrichment of life from correspondence with man about 40. Helen Amont.

I AM compiling an anthology of American folk-tunes. Will any of your readers give the title of this, the Chorus?

"Rosy, you are my posy,
You are my heart's bouquet,
Turn down your cunning nosy,
There's something, sweet love,
I want to say."

Letters and photographs will be zealously guarded, and promptly returned. George Frisbee.

MÄDCHEN from great open spaces (aber nicht dumm) wishes correspondence with thirtyish man. Gretchen.

YOUNG LADY (26), knowledge German, desires companionship cultured man under 40. Interests: Theatre, books, concerts, hiking. No faddists, "ism" addicts or Jeremiahs. "Wandervogel."

I HAVE six saddle horses, a cow, and a New England farm with modern conveniences. Do you want to tutor three offspring for the winter in a family of musical, literary and outdoor tastes? Might contribute a little pin money, but would rather have you concentrate on a pleasant time with tolerant folks who believe in enjoying life even during this decade. Write Hayseeds, Sudbury, Vermont.

CANADIAN, 24, intelligent, well read, about to marry, would locate story-book wealthy person interested in giving young man a chance. Will exchange real hard work, and loyalty, for moderate salary, and security. Secretarial, chauffeurial, janitorial, banking, or other oversupplied capabilities. Will go anywhere, including Chicago. Six years banking experience obligatorily terminated by marriage. IN-THE-SLOUGH.

SCHOOL TEACHER turned business woman desires correspondence with business man turned educational; one old enough to advise if life begins at forty. Nell.

UNIVERSITY man, 33, Ph.D. in philosophy, unattached, will act as travel companion or in any other capacity to yield him a living. Speaks German, French, Italian and Spanish. Charming entertainer in the higher things of life. Likes dancing and swimming. Box 299.

WONDERING if versatile gentleman (28-25) would care to correspond with young woman, charming personality, attractive, not too intellectual nor yet too low-brow, and having great variety of interests. Box 300.

SWAP! Intelligent female, 30, will exchange with contemporary, writing technical or other literature, editorial or proof-reading assistance for the stimulus and experience of the association. Near Chicago. Box 301.

WOMAN (teacher, translator, typist) seeks maintenance (with, without salary) exchange professional or suitable household assistance. Box 302.

SCHOLAR and stock farmer, tired of school politics, desires a useful outlet for ability in teaching, estate management, secretarial or companionship duties. Box 303.

WHO needs the abilities combined in college graduate with a flair for domesticity? Intelligent, cheerful, capable, musical, widely-travelled young woman needs employment as companion or housekeeper. Box 413, Delmar, N. Y.

INTERIOR Decorator, in her thirties, trained New York, Paris, established in South, wishes correspondence with gentleman and dilettante concerning metropolitan arts, even frivolities. Nostalgia.

WHOLESOME lady, fond of outdoor life, art, music and humor. Would enjoy exchanging letters with gentleman (middle-aged). Appreciation.

ALONE in Chicago for Thanksgiving. Is there an unattached man between 30 and 40 who wants to do Chicago "dutch treat?" Must dance and be tall. Blonde and Blue eyes.

AMERICAN gentleman, middle-aged, living in Connecticut, would welcome companionship of well educated good-looking young lady living in New York. Lonesome.

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PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN out of college would like position as companion to amiable person travelling in America or abroad. Box 304.

ANYBODY who enjoys interesting correspondence with congenial people desiring companionship are invited to join the ELITE CLUB, P. O. B. 30, San Francisco. Send Stamp for information and application blank.

YOU YOUNG Philadelphians who have (been) exhausted (by) benefits of solitude—let's get together. Box 305.

IF THERE are any individuals interested in forming a friendship with a young woman who likes good music, plays, literature as well as wholesome athletics, I would enjoy knowing them. Annette.

YOUNG MAN, valuable literary contacts here and abroad; familiar four foreign languages; wide experience editorial, contractual ends of book publishing; knowledge of magazine field; will assist literary agent or publisher. *Midas, Saturday Review.*

MURDOCK:—Why the silence? Don't be like Kit. "Zigeuner."

WILL SWAP my Harvard Law School Diploma plus fifteen years sound business experience for a real opportunity. "Executive."

YOUNG WOMAN, good sense of humor, high spirits, quick intelligence, suffers from empty mail box and an active mind. Will exchange correspondence with any man who likes to laugh. Sunny Side Up.

BELIEVING some men and women are burdened, anxious, needing help to meet perplexing personal problems, retired physician offers friendly counsel. No fees. Box 306.

ROMANCE, bubbling laughter, Books, Nature, dancing after; Blonde, young, joyous, true. Would like to make a friend or two. Lassie.

DISHEARTENED young writer, ex-journalist drooling from depression, stalks employment in Boston. Down to last fiver. Can really use words. No blah, blah. Help! Box 164, Astor Sta. Boston.

YOUNG Ph.D., practical idealist, experienced executive, researcher, tutor, social-worker, lived abroad, vitally interested in all socio-economic problems, has unpublished articles and poems for publication, needs immediate work. Dr. Fahy, 1457 Belmont St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

PRICELESS things, such as books, humor, the out-of-doors, human comradeship, valued by woman, 38, who would correspond with or meet man. (Husbands and divorcés unwelcome.) Geneva.

ATTRACTIVE young lady, 22, whose main interests are literature and theatre, desires correspondence with man having same interests, preferably one with aversion to bridge. *Nikki.*

MUSIC LOVER, male, 22, intelligent, attractive, hitch-hikes ninety miles to New York concerts. Would appreciate a few hours fraternal hospitality. Address "Tommy."

WOMAN, older than friends think, master's degree Columbia, lately out of touch with New York, desires correspondence with widower, around forty-five, with cultural interests (not night life) and a little shocked at this notice. Bachelor Maid.

AMBITIOUS to write. Now traveling with a play production company. Desire governess position in literary home. Two years teaching experience. Collaboration considered. Kansas.

IS THERE a girl, intelligent, anywhere, who would be interested in corresponding with a lonely young man of 30, who is not too serious but conscientous, fun-loving and active. Please write "Lonesome."

WEALTHY woman can immortalize and perpetuate her name (method—fascinating, Quixotic) by making immediate appointment with Box C.

YOUNG AUTHOR, happily unmarried, experienced traveler, expert boatman. Best literary acceptances but temporarily insolvent. Wishes assistance in establishing Southern residence. Object, quietude. Have you Florida home or yacht needing conscientious caretaking? Sir Author.

DISCRIMINATING wealth to endow California chartered Foundation perpetuating rare birds. Donor becomes Director. Correspondence solicited. "Aviculture."

YOUNG MAN, in polite skeptical pursuit of advanced degrees, would like to sell—politely and skeptically—his expertness in tennis, fencing, and skating. "A."

YOUNG MAN, 19, high school graduate, unemployed, interested in theatre and literature, wants job. BOB H.

S. O. S.—Lonely professional man, 35, attractive in person and personality, literary talents, traveled, wide knowledge, religious freethinker, seeks companionship of mature New York woman of depth, no gold seeker, preferably employed. Box 294.

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Native Speech

FAR above Cayuga's waters, two hundred and twelve years before the establishment of Cornell University, Father Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumonot of the Society of Jesus preached the word of God to the circumambient Iroquois. His efforts among the Indians of New York State continued until 1658, when he returned to Canada and his Hurons. He had been born nearly half a century earlier of Burgundy peasant stock, studied for the priesthood, learned of New France, and in 1639 reached Quebec. He never saw Old France again, and apparently never missed it, although he survived to within a month of his eighty-second birthday in spite of the lack of physical amenities, the rigors of the climate, and the sadistic hostility of the aborigines.

Those of the Hurons who accepted Christianity absorbed with it more than a trace of French suavity. They told Father Joseph that he spoke their language better than they did themselves—a compliment which probably had its origin at the Tower of Babel, but of which the French today have a peculiar proprietorship, adopting it, doubtless, from the Hurons. Actually, Father Joseph probably did speak Huron better than the Hurons; at all events he wrote it better; he prepared a Huron grammar in Latin, and he compiled a French-Huron dictionary.

For more than two centuries the manuscript of Father Joseph's "Racines Huronnes" appears to have remained in Canada, being accorded increasingly the reverence due a venerable and valuable relic. About 1909, under what circumstances and whose auspices is not clear, it crossed the Atlantic, and in 1910 it was sold at auction in London.

Twenty-one years later it made its second auction appearance, this time at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries in New York, as a unit in the American portion of the historical library of Dr. Victor Morin, president of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Montreal. "It is highly improbable," read the cataloguer's note, "that another Indian language dictionary will come on the market, as practically all are held in public institutions, or in collections that will never be dispersed." It is wholly improbable that Father Chaumonot's French-Huron dictionary will ever again come on the market, for it is now in the John Carter Brown Library at Providence. Lawrence C. Wroth, the librarian, describes it in interesting detail in his recently printed annual report for 1932-1933 to the Corporation of Brown University. For many years, according to Mr. Wroth, the library "has been able to place before scholars a group of manuscript vocabularies, grammars, and texts of unusual significance in the study of the native languages of Mexico and Central America, a group so strong, indeed, as somewhat to surpass in importance our manuscript material relating to the Indians of what is now the United States." Acquisition of the manuscript of the "Racines Huronnes," he adds, makes "a fitting addition to a collection that contains such manuscript philological works as the Motul Maya dictionary, the Diego Basalenque works on the Matlaltzinga language, and the Miami-Illinois dictionary attributed to the hand of Jean-Baptiste Le Boulanger."

The "Racines Huronnes," again to quote Mr. Wroth, is "a parchment-covered quarto of 132 leaves, closely written in a seventeenth-century hand, and containing an extensive list of French words followed by the Huron equivalents, their derivatives, and their various usages and shades of meaning. The last seventeen leaves contain words discriminated under such categories as trees, birds, fish, days of the week, numerals, names of Indian nations, and many similar concepts. The manuscript is attested as Chaumonot's by long tradition, by the semblance of its writing to that of other documents known to be in his hand, and by the nature of its contents, which bespeak intimacy with the language and with the life of the people who used it."

The Morin sale catalogue reproduces a page of the dictionary which itself attests the compiler's industry, scholarship, and general competence as philologist and lexicographer. It would flatter Father Joseph's exact and painstaking soul if he could know that the tangible product of his labor of love alike of man and of God is now housed in a superlative collection of the source material of American history.

J. T. W.

Day Before Yesterday

MANY other things than books are strained through the colander of a bookshop. A New York bookman, investigating the contents of several cases that sheltered an old family library, unearthed in addition to thousands of books a child's rocking-horse, a bird-cage, and a cider-press with the screw missing. If the Central American republics were great book-exporting centers think of the delight of peering over a bookseller's shoulder as he opened a fresh shipment to see how many tarantulas would bound out!

And now, in the latest issue of *The Month at Goodspeed's*, the most delectable periodical that ever came out of a bookshop, its editor, Norman L. Dodge, describes a collection of more than twelve hundred cigarette and cigar cards that lately entered the door at 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, to remain within pending their disposal to a collector of authentic Americana at twenty dollars—and cheap enough, if you ask us. The list is worth giving in detail:

1. Hassan Cigarettes, Indian Life in the 60's series. 38 cards.
2. Sweet Caporals, Hassans, Meccas, Piedmonts, Tolstois, American Beauties, Sovereigns, Drums, Honest Long Cut, and Principe de Gales. Baseball players. About 300.
3. Meccas and Sweet Caporals. Birds. 88.
4. Turkish Trophies. Fables. 96
5. Murads. Colleges. 64.
6. Hassans. Lighthouses. 40.
7. Between the Acts. Theatres and Actors. 43.
8. Meccas. Golfers and Bowlers. 9.
9. Royal Bengals. Heroes. 49.
10. Turkish Trophies. Costumes and Scenery. 41.
11. Helmars. Seals and Coats of Arms. 103.
12. Turkey Reds. Butterflies. 22.
13. Helmars. Historic Houses. 49.
14. Moguls. Horoscopes. 54.
15. Moguls. Toasts. 94.
16. Turkish Trophies. Your Fortune. 16.
17. Emblems. Medals. 10.
18. Royal Bengals. Scenes. 4.
19. (Unidentified.) College Pennants, embossed on leather. 44.
20. Egyptienne Straights, Tokios, Ziras, Egyptienne Luxurys, and Moguls. A group of 77 subjects on colored silk. Flags, presidents, colleges, butterflies, etc.

One would choose not to be captious (one lies, for one loves it), but Mr. Dodge nods when he translates honest "Egyptian Straights" into the tinsel elegance of "Egyptienne Straights." And while one can hardly expect a twenty-dollar collection of cigarette cards to be catalogued with the assiduous attention to detail that Arthur Swann would devote to a prime Pickwick in parts, still one would like a little more detailed information. Does the college pennant series include the uncommon Lafayette, a bargain as a swap for Amherst, Williams, Haverford and Yale lumped together? Does the flag series include the excessively rare Costa Rica, of which there is no copy in the Huntington Library? These are matters on which the collector may properly demand further light. After all, even with the Goodspeed collection as a base, it would be pretty difficult for him at this late date to manage a great amount of exchanging.

J. T. W.

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HAPPY DAYS *are here again . . .*
Once More All America Is Breaking Out in A. NASH

About three years ago *The New Yorker* printed a poem by an unknown youth named OGDEN NASH. The refrain thus saluted a noted statesman:

Senator Smoot (Republican, Ut.)
Is planning a ban on smut
Oh root-ti-toot for Smoot of Ut.
And his reverend occiput.

To-day the Senator is a Forgotten Man, and the unknown youth is a Nashional institution—murderer of the King's English, mangler of every known metrical form. Hell-raiser with all the eternal verities, hammer of fools, and the world's greatest deflator of stuffed shirts. With the publication of *Hard Lines* he awoke one morning to find himself famous; a year later *Free Wheeling* extended that renown, and now the acclaim for his latest book, *Happy Days*, gives the complete answer to all who have been asking "Can he keep it up?"

Can he keep it up? Merciful Heavens, *can the human race take it?* THAT is the question . . . for this book contains about a hundred devastatingly funny poems, heartily dedicated to the general proposition. FAR LESS MALICE TOWARDS NONE:

Love is a word that is constantly heard,
Hate is a word that's not.
Love, I am told, is more precious than gold,
Love, I have read, is hot.
But hate is the verb that to me is superb,
And love is a drug on the mart.
Any kiddie in school can love like a fool,
But hating, my boy, is an art.

The Inner Sanctum's famous OGDEN NASH money-back guarantee goes with every copy of *Happy Days: a laugh a line or your money back.* This book, like the first two *Golden Trasheries of Ogden Nashery*, is illustrated by LITTLE MAN SOGLOW, and in the opinion of the Best Minds—names and addresses on file, certified by BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT-RIPLEY—is even funnier than *Hard Lines* or *Free Wheeling.*

NEWS! *More Power to You!* is leaping most energetically to the forefront of the best-seller lists in general literature, thus putting WALTER B. PITKIN in *both* first and second places. . . . The book is going particularly strong in New York and Chicago. . . . *Dumb-Belles Lettres, Lallapalloozas from the Morning Mail,* an anthology of mad letters edited by JULIET LOWELL, ought to click like *Boners* or *Ho-Hum!* . . . Observation genealogical: HENRY HAZLITT, MENCKEN'S successor as editor of *The American Mercury* and author of *The Anatomy of Criticism* is a great-great-great nephew of the other famous HAZLITT, WILLIAM. . . . Last week sales of the *First World War, A Photographic History* edited by LAURENCE STALLINGS doubled the sales of the week before. . . . If the human race stages a *second* world war, it does so in the face of graphic warning from

ESSANDESS.

BRADFORD'S JOURNAL

"Extracts can give no conception whatever of the subtle and delicate beauty of these pages . . . The book is infinitely more than an autobiography. It is a drama of the progress of the man's soul . . . of a quest for spiritual courage in a day of self-destroying materialism."
—*Transcript*

Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. $5
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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Going through a box of old letters Quercus came upon one written by Cedric Crowell, now manager of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshops, when he was a private at G. 2., G. H. Q., A. E. F.—In the intervals of prosecuting a vigorous war (this was in June, 1918) Private Crowell had also conceived notions for supplying the armed forces of the U. S. with volumes of Conrad, Kipling, O. Henry and Sir Hugh Clifford—showing that not even worldwide disorder can prevent a born bookseller from brooding his native passion. ☞The lively old Macmillan Company, *semper virens,* is very alert these days and ejaculates that The Greatest Book Bargain of the Year is the Cambridge Histories of English and American Literature (15 vols. and 3 vols. respectively)—to be had until November 14th at $21.50 for both. ☞We hear that the "Dream Children edition" of A. Edward Newton's forthcoming *End Papers,* containing a facsimile of Lamb's famous MS owned by A. E. N., was subscribed for in the number of 1,351 copies—which is remarkable! ☞We wonder if Mr. Newton remembers the occasion when the title *End Papers* was suggested for this pleasantly anticipated book? ☞The Tuttle Company of Rutland, Vermont, announces a collected edition in 7 volumes (designed by Vrest Orton) of the works of Rowland E. Robinson, a Yankee author long out of print but greatly esteemed in Vermont. John Farrar and other Green Mountain boys speak highly of Robinson's homely writings and engravings.

☞Old Quercus was interested to note that "The 200th Anniversary of the Establishment of the Free Press in the United States" is to be celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., on October 28th. ☞We had thought of Mount Vernon more as the site of the fine printing plant of William Edwin Rudge than as the cradle of press liberty. ☞In a catalogue from William H. Allen (3345 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia) we noted a book published in Amsterdam, 1716: *De Charlataneria Eruditorum,* by Jo. Burch. Mencken—and wondered if it might not be an ancestor of H. L. ☞Mr. Constant Southworth, of the Southworth Press, Portland, Maine, reports that a brief mention of Dr. Rosenbach's de luxe volume *Early American Children's Books,* buried in the inconspicuous type of these Trade Winds, was promptly followed by orders from several parts of the country. ☞In the preface to his anthology *Creative America,* Ludwig Lewisohn remarks that the book bears witness to "the increasing spiritual density" of American civilization, which seems faint praise. ☞The SATURDAY REVIEW mermaids have been desperately busy dealing with the enormous increase of mail caused by continuing growth of the PERSONALS column. ☞Speaking of which, has anyone got a job to offer a delightful chiromancer, auburn, with a douce Southern accent, who gives the most intelligent palm readings Quercus has ever heard?

☞We were very sorry to hear of the recent death of Leonard H. Wells (always known as "Doc") who was well-known in the Trade; he was manager of the book department at Powers' department store, Minneapolis, for 38 years. Old Quercus specially remembers that he bought his copy of Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (one of the early editions) from Doc. ☞John Holmes of West Somerville, Mass., reports with pride that he bought from Holman's (Boston) one of the rare fine-paper copies of Vol. 1 number 1 of the SATURDAY REVIEW. A few of these were issued for collectors of oddity when the REVIEW started, and Mr. Holmes wonders where the others have got to. Old Quercus has one laid away in camphor for the astonishment of his grandchildren. ☞J. Ray Peck reproaches the Quercuses, justly, for not having been in to visit his unusual bookshop at 34 West 47th Street. ☞Julian Messner says he begins his new publishing career with *Scandal House,* "a boisterous romance laid in an ultra-fashionable reducing salon, where love, lotions and lettuce hold sway." ☞The fine library of the late E. D. Richmond, to be sold at the Anderson Galleries on the evenings of November 2 and 3, will not only gratify collectors of Oscar Wilde, Dr. Johnson, George Moore, Max Beerbohm, etc., but also some of the proceeds will go to benefit the admirable Kips Bay Boys' Club, which has given so much recreation to youngsters of the Eastern Shore of Manhattan (between 34th and 64th Streets).

☞Nowadays the Cabots speak not only to Lowells but also to the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. We are assured of the fact in a full-page cigarette advertisement in the *New Yorker.*

☞The Trade will be interested to read Maurice Hindus's notes on Moscow bookstores, in his new book, *The Great Offensive* (Smith and Haas, Nov. 1). It may even be enough to persuade some of our enterprising booksellers to go over there and open up. "There is no place," he writes,

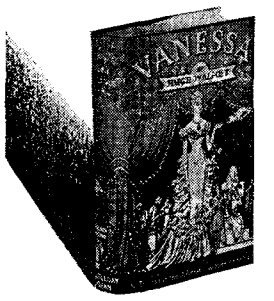
> where one can sense the swing and the beat of the times as clearly as in the bookstores. There are many of them in Moscow—one on nearly every corner of the business district of the city. An endless stream of people flows in and out of them—Moscovites and visitors from all parts of the far-flung Soviet Empire. Inside, their loaded tables display the latest publications, row upon row of books, their paper covers challenging attention. They are living voices of the Revolution, proclaiming bravely enough, for the most part, the new ideas, new inventions, new principles, new adjustments. . . .
>
> The significant feature of all these new books is that they are dedicated to a positive purpose. Nowhere is there a subject or title suggestive of doubt, skepticism, regret or contrition. If blunders and evils are mentioned or emphasized, it is only for the purpose of giving prominence to the corrective plans and measures. . . .
>
> There are also, of course, the books of fiction. But present-day Russian fiction, with few notable exceptions, is in form and spirit as hard and heavy as the coal and steel, the factory and the farm, with which it concerns itself. Besides, there is always very little of it in stock in the bookstore. No matter how large the supply the store receives, it is bought up almost as soon as it is unpacked. Favorite foreign authors, like John Dos Passos, who with the rising intelligentsia has superseded all other foreign writers, including Upton Sinclair, in popularity, can be obtained only if ordered in advance of publication or through some obliging friend associated with the publishing house or the bookstores. Visitors to the bookshops are not curiosity seekers or window shoppers. They come to buy books and they pay for them. They buy packs of books for themselves or the institutions they represent. There are no such eager book-buyers anywhere else in the world as there are in present-day Russia. It is the one country that does not know what remainders are.

☞A close parallel here to the Russian bookstores is the current emphasis in reviews and displays on timely books dealing with politics and economics. These are the books in the news, the books that are being most widely discussed. Are they selling commensurately with the attention they attract? Quercus would like to get some booksellers' answers to this.

☞Harcourt, Brace advance a novel reason for book-buying, in connection with *So You're Going to Have a Baby,* by Helen Washburn. One of the feminine members of the staff reports that carrying a copy with the title showing "works like magic for getting seats on crowded subways and street cars." ☞We hope that *So You're Going to Have a Baby* will be published in England by the London house of Putnam's, so that it can be announced in their delightful house-organ, The Stork.

☞We like Gene Fowler's notice appearing in the first, autographed edition of *Timber Line* (Covici-Friede): "The author of this book has set aside ninety-nine numbered copies of *Timber Line* for friends. Inasmuch as no one ever had ninety-nine friends, living or dead, the recipient of this gift may draw his own conclusions as to the foolhardiness of the publisher and the optimism of the author."

☞Guy Holt of Whittlesey House and Elmer Davis, who contributes frequently to this *Review,* have collaborated on a novel of nudism called *Bare Living.* We look forward to reading it, but we must admit—though not from experience—that nudism leaves us cold.



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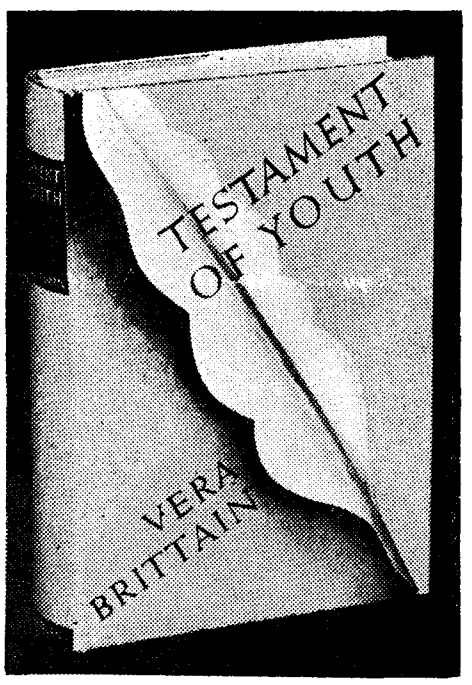

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